



**Ashley Hall**, Montvale, Mass., 10 miles from **BOSTON**. HOME AND FITTING SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES. Unusual advantages in Music, Art, and Languages. For Circulars, address Miss WHITTEMORE, Principal.

## INDEX TO LITTELL'S LIVING AGE

In process of publication by

**EDWARD ROTH,**

1135 Pine Street,

Philadelphia.


## THE SANITARIAN:

Based at the outset upon medical knowledge and naval service, over an extensive field of observation in various climates in different quarters of the world, large experience in dealing with epidemic diseases, and practical sanitation for the maintenance of health under the most trying circumstances—

"Is **THE BEST** Sanitary publication in America" (*Mississippi Valley Medical Monthly*); "Easily maintains its superiority over all similar publications" (*Medical World*); and "Has accomplished more good than all of the other Sanitary papers put together" (*Hydraulic and Sanitary Plumber*). "The Editor, Mr. A. N. Bell, is well known to the mercantile community for his co-operation with the merchants in quarantine reform, and to his profession as a leader in Sanitary Science" (*New York Journal of Commerce*).

**96 Pages TEXT Monthly;**  
**TWO Volumes Yearly.**

\$4.00 a year, in advance; 35 cents a number. Sample copies, 20 cents (ten two-cent postage stamps).

 All communications should be addressed to the editor,

113A Second Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

## COMMERCIAL & FINANCIAL CHRONICLE

Published every Saturday morning. New York, 102 William St.

Having the Largest and Most Extensive Circulation of any Financial Journal in the United States, its Subscription List embracing every Important City in America, and every Commercial Country in the World.

The **CHRONICLE** issues from 36 to 48 pages each week and an **INVESTORS' SUPPLEMENT** of 134 pages every alternate month, together containing—**Financial Editorials**, critical and explanatory of every Congressional, official or market change or event affecting the finances of the Government, of the Banks or of Commerce.

**Markets**—Money, Exchange, Stocks, &c., given in great detail, with the facts and influences affecting each, besides comparative stock and bond prices by days, months and years, with elaborate statistics in all departments. Also news by telegraph and cable from other financial centres of this Country and of the World up to Friday night.

**Railroad Editorials** on every point affecting their management, earning capacity, finances, &c.; also analysis of reports as soon as issued, by an experienced accountant. Earnings of the roads, net and gross, obtained at the earliest dates, and compiled weekly and monthly, with elaborate articles in explanation of the same. Also latest and reliable information from the railroads in all parts of the country, much of which is special to us.

**Investors' Supplement**, of 134 pages, contains a complete, convenient, classified description of every railroad of importance in the United States—its debts (dates and amounts of issue), capital, revenue, earning capacity, dividends, &c., with an accurate map of the leading roads. This Supplement is invaluable to dealers and investors.

**Cotton Report**, with special telegrams to us from every part of the South each Friday night with regard to the growing American crop and the movements of cotton; also special cable news from every country in the world producing or manufacturing cotton to any considerable extent, with statistics complete and reliable on every branch of the subject. *This report is the acknowledged cotton authority the world over.*

Besides the above are editorials on all commercial subjects, elaborate reports of Dry Goods and Breadstuffs, with less full reports of most other Commercial Markets, &c., &c.

**SUBSCRIPTION** (including postage for the 13 months, also the **INVESTORS' SUPPLEMENT**), \$10.20 per year.

**WILLIAM B. DANA, & CO.,**  
Publishers.

102 WILLIAM STREET, N. Y.







# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series,  
Volume LXX. }

No. 2399. — June 21, 1890.

{ From Beginning,  
Vol. CLXXXV.

## CONTENTS.

I. THE PRUSSIAN MONARCHY AND THE REVOLUTION OF 1848. By Sir Rowland Blennerhassett, . . . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i> . . . . .	707
II. THE COLONEL'S BOY, . . . . .	<i>Cornhill Magazine,</i> . . . . .	713
III. THE COMTE DE CLERMONT, . . . . .	<i>Nineteenth Century,</i> . . . . .	723
IV. OUT OF THE DEEPS, . . . . .	<i>Temple Bar,</i> . . . . .	734
V. A QUIET CORNER OF NORMANDY, . . . . .	<i>Murray's Magazine,</i> . . . . .	741
VI. A GIRL'S RELIGION, . . . . .	<i>Longman's Magazine,</i> . . . . .	746
VII. MAURICE DE SAXE, . . . . .	<i>Temple Bar,</i> . . . . .	752
VIII. MOUNTAIN SHEEP, . . . . .	<i>Gentleman's Magazine,</i> . . . . .	761
IX. THE CRY OF THE PARENTS, . . . . .	<i>Macmillan's Magazine,</i> . . . . .	766

## POETRY.

THE SWALLOWS, . . . . .	706	SPRING THE BELOVED, . . . . .	706
A SONG OF LOVE AND MAY, . . . . .	706		

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & Co.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

## THE SWALLOWS.

O MOTHER, will the swallows never come?  
 Feel my cheek, 'tis hot and burning,  
 And my heart is sick with yearning,  
 But I'm always well as soon as swallows  
 come.

They brought me in a primrose yesterday:  
 And when primroses are blowing,  
 Then I know that winter's going;  
 And the swallows cannot then be far away.

Hark, my old thrush in the garden singing  
 clear!  
 How I love his note to follow!  
 But the swallow, O the swallow,  
 Bringing summer with him, summer, is more  
 dear.

And the lambs' bleat! Could I see them once  
 again,  
 With their innocent sweet faces,  
 And their friskings, and their races!  
 Once I used — but now I cannot stir for pain.

Mother, lift me, all this side is growing numb:  
 Oh, how dark the room is! Fold me  
 To your bosom, tighter hold me!  
 Or I shall be gone before the swallows come.

And the swallows came again across the wave;  
 And the sky was soft and tender,  
 With a gleam of rainbow splendor,  
 As they laid their little darling in the grave:

And they often watch the swallows by her  
 tomb;  
 And they strain to think, but straining  
 Cannot still the heart's complaining,  
 "She is better there where swallows never  
 come."

And they carved the bird she loved upon her  
 stone;  
 Joyous guest of summer darting  
 Hither, thither, then departing  
 In a night, to joys of other worlds unknown.  
 Spectator. A. G. B.

## A SONG OF LOVE AND MAY.

FREELY TRANSLATED FROM GOETHE.

## I.

WHAT gleams of glad laughter  
 Earth's visage adorn!  
 How brightens the sun  
 At the gates of the morn!  
 How burst into blossom  
 The buds on the tree,  
 While birds shake the woodland  
 With tumults of glee!

How pant men and maidens  
 With thrillings of pleasure!  
 O green earth, O bright sun,  
 O joy without measure!

## II.

'Tis love's great enchantment  
 That kindles the day,  
 The life of the springtime,  
 The promise of May.  
 'Tis love's magic banner,  
 O'er nature unfurled,  
 That showers down new blessing,  
 New life on the world.

## III.

O darling, O dearest,  
 How well I love thee!  
 Thine eye's golden silence  
 Tells how thou lov'st me.  
 As larks love the azure,  
 The carol, the dew,  
 As flowers love the dawning,  
 So do I love you.

## IV.

O let us love truly,  
 And true love will be  
 A youth never fading  
 For you and for me.  
 True love in all changes  
 Will waft us along,  
 In sweet modulation  
 Of dance and of song,  
 And soften our sunset,  
 When we have grown old,  
 With tenderest touches  
 Of rose-leaf and gold.

Blackwood's Magazine.

PETER BAYNE.

## SPRING THE BELOVED.

HALF bronze, half green the shivering hedge-  
 rows shook,  
 The larches stood in soft, uncertain mind,  
 To hold or give their jewels to the wind  
 That flung their gold-dust from them; by the  
 brook  
 The long-delaying primrose overtook  
 The last faint daffodil; the flocks were  
 pined,  
 No grasses sprang, for April was unkind,  
 And sad the shepherd leaned upon his crook.  
 Then out of Heaven, flung sudden power and  
 grace;  
 Green waves of hedgerow foamed with  
 blackthorn spray,  
 The cherry whitened, tender mist of green  
 Breathed from the birch, and through the  
 coral screen  
 Of sycamore the cuckoo called apace:  
 For why, my love had passed along the  
 way.  
 Spectator.

H. D. RAWNSLEY.

From Blackwood's Magazine.  
THE PRUSSIAN MONARCHY AND THE  
REVOLUTION OF 1848.\*

BY SIR ROWLAND BLENNERHASSETT.

WHEN it became known that Dr. Heinrich von Sybel was engaged in writing a history of the reconstruction of Germany, all persons interested in European politics looked forward eagerly to the appearance of the work. It was generally admitted that no living man was better fitted for the task. Sybel is perhaps the most famous of the disciples of Ranke, and possesses the critical spirit of his illustrious master. He differs, however, in one particular from almost all the other members of the historical school to which he belongs. Most of these have employed the method of critical investigation they learned from Ranke to solve complicated problems of mediæval history. Sybel has devoted himself chiefly to the study of modern times. In the tone of his mind he has much more in common with Hausser, Droysen, Bernhardt, and the writers of the Heidelberg school who were influenced by the learned Schlosser, than any other of the disciples of Ranke. This mental affinity will become clear to any one who compares Sybel's history of the French Revolution with Hausser's narrative of events in Germany from Frederic the Great till the formation of the Germanic Confederation in 1815. These works resemble each other in general character to a remarkable extent. The effect of both is to vindicate the revival of German influence in Europe, and to lead the reader to the conclusion that this could only be acquired under the hegemony of Prussia.

It was Sybel's history of the Revolution which acquired for him European fame. In it he demolished the fable that the war against revolutionary France was wantonly brought about by the various European governments. He exposed the story that the failure of the allied armies was owing to the heroism of the volunteers of 1792, and destroyed many other similar legends which are still credited by uninformed

persons. But the greatest service he rendered was to show for the first time and conclusively that it was the Polish question which paralyzed the action of the powers in their struggle against France. It may, however, be doubted whether even this great work displays more strikingly some of the high moral and intellectual qualifications for writing history which Professor Sybel possesses than some of his less well-known publications. The essays he published some quarter of a century ago, and which contain brilliant treatises on Prince Eugene of Savoy, Catherine II., and Burke, place their author in the very first rank among the political thinkers of our time.

The task on which Professor Sybel is now engaged will in all probability be completed by the end of this year. It will be a work of six or seven volumes; but if we are to judge by the portion recently published, no one interested in contemporary politics or historical science will object to it on account of its length. It is, however, to the first volume, in which the events of the year 1848 are reviewed, that politicians will look who desire to form an opinion as to the value of the mature judgment of Professor Sybel on affairs of state. The account given of the disturbances which took place in Berlin during the month of March of that year is based on the testimony of eye-witnesses or of persons who took part in the events of the time, and is in the highest degree interesting. The distinguished historian, however, no doubt in his desire to be brief, hardly brings out with sufficient clearness how totally opposed the great majority of the Prussian people were to the revolutionary movement, which was guided from first to last by members of an international conspiracy.

In the last days of November, 1830, an insurrection broke out in Poland, and, owing to the pusillanimity or incompetence of the grand-duke Constantine, was for a time a success. The Russian government in Warsaw was overthrown, and General Chlopicki, an old soldier who had fought under Napoleon, was appointed dictator. In the spring of 1831, a large Russian army entered the country, and although

\* Die Begründung des Deutschen Reiches durch Wilhelm I., von Heinrich von Sybel. München und Leipzig, 1889. Druck und Verlag von R. Oldenbourg.

badly commanded, ultimately bore down all opposition. Warsaw fell in September. The constitution which the emperor Alexander I. had given the country after the Congress of Vienna, and which the Poles had so shamefully abused, was abolished, and in February, 1832, Poland was declared a Russian province. After the suppression of the insurrection, a large number of Poles had to fly from their country. They established themselves in the various capitals and chief cities of Europe, and organized themselves into societies with secret signs and passwords, with a view to revolutionary action. They became everywhere the allies of all who were inimical to the existing order of things. Polish exiles placed their services at the disposal of the disciples of Mazzini in Italy, and of the followers of Louis Blanc and Ledru Rollin in France. In Germany they were the friends of those who looked up to such men as Rotteck as political philosophers, and to Heine and Börne as models of enlightened patriotism. They sympathized with Spanish Republicans and with English Chartists. Under the sinister guidance of Bem and Mieroslawski, they became the prime agents of international conspiracy for the overthrow of every government in Europe. They were mixed up in attempts to assassinate sovereigns and statesmen, and to provoke popular risings in various places. But these attempts had always been failures. At last, on the 24th February, 1848, an insurrection broke out in Paris. Louis Philippe, weighed down by the recollection of the indirect and crooked methods by which he obtained his crown, lost his nerve completely, and with ten thousand splendid troops at his disposal, abandoned the Tuileries to a half-armed and undisciplined mob. The monarchy of July came to an end. A provisional government was formed, and two of its leading members were Louis Blanc and Ledru Rollin. The former professed socialistic opinions, the latter represented the traditions of the Jacobin terror of 1793. Anarchists in every country imagined the day of their triumph was dawning. In Germany the greatest uneasiness prevailed. Men were still alive who could remember the bands

of ruffians that in October, 1794, were led to Cologne and Coblenz by Championnet and Marceau. Respectable people trembled at the thought that if the resources of France fell into Jacobin hands, similar hordes might again make their appearance on the Rhine. Most persons forgot that between 1794 and 1848 the wars of Napoleon had taken place. Very few then understood how deeply the Prussian monarchy had been affected, and how enormously it had been strengthened, by the events of the year 1813. Men merely looked to the outward and visible signs of the times, and these pointed to storm and tempest. Already, in the month of February, 1848, a band of freebooters seized on the principality of Neuchatel, and proclaimed the deposition of the king of Prussia, who happened to be the sovereign of the territory. This little country owed its prosperity mainly to the fostering care of the princes of the house of Hohenzollern, who had ruled it with a short interruption since the beginning of the eighteenth century. During a great portion of that time it had enjoyed absolute immunity from taxation, and while under the Prussian crown possessed one of the best governments and purest administrations in the world. These advantages, however, did not avail the crown when it was attacked by the forces of revolution.

At the same time, a formidable movement commenced in south Germany, and spread like wildfire through the country. It was guided chiefly by persons belonging to the middle classes, — merchants, doctors, lawyers, professors, and some officials in the public service. All these persons were animated by a burning desire to see Germany strong and united. They agreed on no other subject under the sun. On the 5th of March a conference was held by them at Heidelberg to formulate a policy. The congress was attended by fifty-one leading men. These were mostly south Germans, but two stray Prussians might have been observed amongst them. At the meeting Gustav von Struve, a Bavarian who had been in the service of the Grand-Duchy of Oldenburg, and Friedrich Karl Hecker, a lawyer from Baden, openly urged the

proclamation of a German republic. Their chief opponent was Heinrich von Gagern, a distinguished son of a distinguished father. He and his friends advocated the establishment of the empire. This group of men had a great advantage over the republicans, in that their knowledge of the country, its history and needs, was far more accurate and profound. Both parties, however, were equally in earnest, and it was clear they could not possibly act together for any considerable time. Nevertheless, to maintain some show of union, it was agreed they should co-operate in the endeavor to call into existence a central parliament, to which the people of the different States should send their representatives.

Heinrich von Gagern saw the danger of allowing a popular assembly to meet in times of trouble and excitement, without having at its disposal the assistance derived from experience in practical politics and administration. He therefore endeavored to persuade the governments of the various States to come to an agreement amongst themselves and form a provisional executive, which should lay before the representatives of the nation a carefully thought-out plan for the reconstruction of Germany. His efforts were fairly successful, when suddenly an insignificant disturbance at Vienna, backed by a disreputable court intrigue, overthrew the government of Prince Metternich. Very soon anarchy ran riot in every province of the Austrian Empire. The immediate effect of this was to increase the excitement in Germany, and everything seemed to point to the moment as favorable for anarchists to make a determined effort against the monarchy of the Hohenzollerns, and endeavor to overthrow the most firmly established throne on the Continent. For more than a dozen years the Polish exiles had been conspiring with special malignity against Prussia, and now, chiefly under their guidance, revolutionists from every country in Europe, — Englishmen, Frenchmen, Italians, Hungarians, south Germans, — flocked to Berlin. The Poles themselves appeared, of course, in considerable numbers. Towards the middle of March the

multitude of these strangers became every day greater. This invasion of foreigners was a matter of common observation and remark among all classes in the city. It was particularly noticed by members of the British legation.

In those days England was represented at the court of Berlin by the Earl of Westmorland. This nobleman had in his youth, as Lord Burghersh, been accredited to the headquarters of the allied army during the latter end of 1813 and the year 1814. He had witnessed many interesting scenes in the campaign in France, and had written a memoir on the operations of the armies under Prince Schwarzenberg and Field-Marshal Blücher, in which he tried to do some justice to the all-important services rendered by the troops who were commanded by the old Prussian hero. This book was thought fairly well of in military circles, and remains to this day an authority on the circumstances which decided the advance on Paris after the battle of Arcis sur Aube. Napoleon, as is well known, determined to throw himself on the line of retreat of the allies, with a view of threatening their communications. He accordingly marched to St. Dizier, and left Paris exposed, with no force to speak of between it and the hostile armies. Napoleon calculated the allies would be so terrified by his move that they would not dare to advance on the capital. As far as Schwarzenberg was concerned, he had judged rightly. On the morning of the 24th of March, 1814, the Austrians were making a retrograde movement, when an aide-de-camp of the emperor of Russia overtook Prince Schwarzenberg not far from the village of Sommepeuis, and announced that the emperor of Russia and the king of Prussia were approaching, and desired a conference. They arrived immediately afterwards. A council of war was held on horseback, in a field near the highroad. The emperor of Russia strongly urged an immediate advance on Paris, and was supported by King Frederic William III., and by Wolkonski, Debitch, and Toll. In fact, Bernhardt has established that, in all probability, the idea originated in the mind of the last-mentioned famous sol-



dier. Schwarzenberg unwillingly agreed. Orders were at once given for a march on Paris, and the fate of Napoleon was sealed. The circumstance that Lord Westmorland had been intimately mixed up with these stirring events, and that he had shared the anxieties and dangers of a time which will never be forgotten in northern Germany, caused him to form many intimate and warm friendships with eminent Prussians. Among these friends was one of the most illustrious men who ever served the Prussian crown. This person was exceptionally intimate, and used to dine with Lord Westmorland regularly every Sunday. The 14th of March, 1848, fell upon a Sunday. Lord Westmorland's friend came to dine, as usual. There was no one present unconnected with the legation, and the conversation, which was of an exceedingly confidential character, turned on the symptoms of disorder which were everywhere apparent, and on the dark prospects of the coming week. The Prussian statesman besought Lord Westmorland to aid him in his endeavors to induce the king to give positive orders that effective steps should be taken against the forces of anarchy. He then recounted how he had himself received information, from a member of the inner circle of a revolutionary society, of the means which were to be adopted during the following days to provoke a conflict between the people and the armed forces of the crown. The informer was a man to whom Lord Westmorland's friend had done a great act of kindness in past times, and he was grateful for it. He was a man of considerable ability, and was engaged in the education of youth. His talents and his calling rendered him extremely useful to the revolutionists, and, after they had succeeded in catching him in their toils, he rose to a high position among them. When, however, the hour was about to strike which was to mark the commencement of revolutionary action, he regretted his connection with anarchists, and determined to warn his old benefactor of the impending danger to society and the State. He sought him out, and gave him in detail the plans of the conspirators.

The whole matter was discussed at the British legation on that Sunday evening. Some who were present and took part in the conversation are still alive, and the events of the next few days proved the correctness of the information down to the most minute particular. Lord Westmorland did all he could to meet the wishes of his friend, and urged on persons in

authority, with as much earnestness as his diplomatic position permitted, the necessity of paralyzing the designs of the anarchists by some obvious precautionary measures. But the government was totally demoralized. The memoirs of General von Brandt, and the accounts given by all persons who saw King Frederic William IV. during the months of February and March, 1848, prove that he had lost the power of making up his mind and of acting with resolution. The events which took place in Neuchatel affected him deeply. The men who enjoyed his confidence were, as a rule, timid persons, who offered good and solid reasons against every course proposed. Few of them realized the truth that in times of danger the path of safety is only to be discovered by following with determination a line of policy selected after careful consideration of the difficulties which surround all vigorous action.

On Monday, the 15th of March, partial disturbances took place in the streets, and lasted till late on the night of the sixteenth. On the morning of the seventeenth, everything became suddenly and suspiciously still. It was the calm before the storm. Throughout the day, while those responsible for the maintenance of order were perplexed by conflicting and contradictory counsels, the apostles of sedition and the organizers of rebellion were busy at work preparing for the morrow. It was determined that at an early hour on the eighteenth a crowd should assemble before the royal palace. This was arranged, and about noon a vast multitude had gathered together on the appointed spot. Frederic William appeared, and harangued the people. But, as the revolutionary leaders had calculated, the mob became more and more unruly, and orders were given to disperse it. Troops began to move for the purpose, and used as little force as possible. A preconcerted signal brought on the conflict. From that day to this it has never been discovered who gave that signal. By some it was thought to have been given by a Frenchman; but it was most likely the act of a Pole who had resided a long time in Paris, and who had been sent to Berlin in the service of an international secret society. Some shots were fired, one of them by a soldier under rather suspicious circumstances. No person was hurt, but the report was at once circulated through the city that the people were being massacred. The usual revolutionary tactics were resorted to, and the most absurd and preposterous stories were told

of atrocities committed by the troops. They obtained ready credence among people whose minds had been carefully prepared to believe them. Barricades rose in all directions. The conspiracy to bring about a revolution in Berlin had been crowned with success.

The garrison was under the command of General Karl Ernst von Prittwitz, a soldier who had seen much service. He was present when only sixteen years of age at Auerstadt, and received a severe wound in that famous battle. Subsequently he took part in all the campaigns from 1812 to 1815. He was a military writer of merit, and enjoyed the confidence of his troops. Prittwitz, who had only twelve thousand men at his command, took energetic steps to put down the rebellion, and the fighting began at once. It raged all the afternoon, and continued after sunset, through a beautiful moonlight night. The troops were everywhere completely victorious, and order would have been easily restored had it not been for the vacillation of the king. Frederic William was in a state of mind bordering on insanity. The sound of the combat had upset the balance of his reason. Kind-hearted and amiable, he could not bear the notion of serious conflict with his people. He sometimes burst into tears, and then would remain for an hour or more in a state of apathy, taking no notice of anything going on about him. Then he would hamper Prittwitz with instructions which were always given with a view to make him act with as little energy as possible. About nine o'clock in the evening the king received in audience *Friedrich Ernst von Vincke*. This gentleman was a firm believer in many of the phrases of the hour. He belonged to the school of men, now dead and gone forever, who desired to see established in Prussia a parliamentary system on the model of the English constitution. Vincke enlarged upon the danger of the conflict producing a feeling of alienation from the dynasty, and contended that if the troops were withdrawn, order would be at once restored. The king gave no positive sign of his own opinion, but undoubtedly Vincke had made an impression. Towards midnight Frederic William could bear no longer the sound of arms, and he sent for Prittwitz, and told him to cease firing. The general was ordered to maintain himself in the positions he had won, but was forbidden to undertake any new attack against the forces of rebellion. Frederic William then proceeded to issue a procla-

mation, in which he promised that if the barricades were removed, he would order the troops to retire. The rebels answered that they would not destroy the barricades till the soldiers returned to their barracks. The king was more embarrassed than ever. General Von Prittwitz besought him to allow the troops to act. His brother, the Prince of Prussia, who was one day to be the first emperor of reconstructed Germany, expressed his views with vehemence and decision, and pointed out the ignominy of holding parley with rebels in arms. On the other hand, Count Arnim-Boythenburg advised concession to the popular demands. At last an order was placed in the hands of Prittwitz to march the troops into their barracks. In obedience to this command, the soldiers had to retire to their quarters, amidst the insulting jeers of the rabble, and subsequently they were ordered to evacuate the city. How the order that the troops should retire was obtained from the sovereign remains a mystery to this day. A friend of mine — a lady of high distinction, only lately dead, the wife of an eminent statesman, and the mother of a distinguished living public man — was often told by the king that he never knowingly gave that order. I have heard this statement confirmed by one of the most intimate friends Frederic William IV. ever possessed. The suggestion has been made that there were traitors in the council, — that the document was artfully placed among other papers the king was signing, and that he affixed his signature without knowing what he was doing. I have even heard the names of the supposed conspirators mentioned. It is more probable, however, that the nerves of the king were so completely unstrung, and his mind clouded by the mental suffering he had endured for the four-and-twenty previous hours, that he was unable ever after to give a strictly accurate account of his actions during those March days, or of the motives which guided them.

What took place after the evacuation of Berlin by the troops is well known. The king dismissed his ministers and offered office to Count Arnim-Boythenburg, Camphausen, Alfred von Auerswald, and Count Schwerin, who were supposed to possess the public confidence. With their advice and approval he issued a proclamation, couched in rhetorical and most unguarded language, in which he gave every one to understand that his intention was to place himself at the head of the national movement. He rode through the streets of

Berlin wearing the colors which had become the symbol of revolution. As the funeral procession of those who had been killed on the barricades passed his palace, he paid honor to the memory of men who had fallen in the attempt to deprive him of his crown. He sent his brother to England, lest he should fall a victim to the state of anarchy which the royal weakness had brought about. He did all he could to appease and flatter the people, and was insulted for his pains and ridiculed from one end of Germany to the other. The fact that the Prussian crown recovered so soon from the degradation of that period, is a far stronger proof of the solidity of the Prussian monarchy than the vitality it showed in the dark hour of Napoleon's triumph, when Frederic William III. and Queen Louisa and their children had to seek refuge in an outlying corner of the kingdom, and were left to meditate, as they wandered on the shores of the Baltic, on the instability of all human things, and on the events which seemed likely to bring about the complete destruction of the Prussian State.

While the authority of the crown was gradually being restored in Prussia, the Parliament at Frankfort was busy at work on a plan for the reconstruction of Germany. Heinrich von Gagern had been more or less successful in bringing some show of method into the proceedings, and, after long and tiresome discussions, a constitution was elaborated. This constitution, the details of which it would be waste of time to discuss, was conceived by persons who were under the influence of the prevailing belief that the main support of good and wise government is the middle-class. It was determined to re-establish the empire; but the constitution was framed in a spirit of suspicion to imperial authority. The Kaiser was only to have a suspensive veto. Parliament could at any time easily have deposed the sovereign, and proclaimed a republic. It would have been as impossible to have maintained the empire under this constitution as it was to preserve the ancient monarchy of France after the acceptance of the constitution of 1791. The government of the Kaiser would, in the interests of self-preservation, have had to resist every attempt to strengthen the popular element. The result would have been that the executive could never be brought into harmonious relations with popular feeling. Hence perpetual friction between the crown and the representatives of the people must ensue; and, in the long run,

either the Kaiser must have had recourse to violence, broken the law, and adopted revolutionary methods, or he must have become a slave of a triumphant democracy.

When the Parliament at Frankfort decided to re-establish the imperial dignity, they determined to send a deputation to Berlin, headed by Simson their president, to offer the crown to the king of Prussia. When the envoys were in audience, Frederic William refused to accept the symbol of imperial authority unless he was requested to do so by all the governments and sovereigns of Germany. The *Preussische Jahrbücher* of January last contains a most eloquent letter from him to Arndt, in which he explains his reasons to that pure and high-minded patriot for declining to accept the responsibility which the Frankfort Parliament wished to thrust upon him. It does great credit to the political sagacity of the king, and it is no exaggeration to say that eloquence is its least merit.

The truth was, the time had not come for reconstructing Germany. The hegemony of Prussia would at that moment have not been tolerated by Austria. There can hardly be a doubt that the acceptance of the imperial crown by the head of Hohenzollern would have been followed by civil war in Germany. In this struggle the sympathies of the mass of the people would not have been on the Prussian side, and, moreover, the Prussian army in 1849 was a very different instrument from that forged some years later by William I. and Field-Marshal Roon. Dr. Delbruck, in the paper in the *Preussische Jahrbücher* to which I have already referred, deals severely with Frederic William IV., whom he characterizes as the least Prussian of Prussian sovereigns. Some of his criticisms are not perhaps too severe. Nevertheless, as time goes on, and as the true character of the movement of 1848 becomes better known, impartial history will probably pronounce that in rejecting the proposals of the Frankfort Parliament, and in declining to adhere to the constitution that assembly elaborated, he rendered a service to his country so great as to outweigh the evil consequence of many errors. Since then, the new German Empire has been founded, and is at the commencement of what I hope and believe will be a noble and brilliant career. It is no doubt menaced by dangers, many and formidable. But the threatening dangers are not as great as some which have been already triumphantly overcome. The long

struggle between Austria and Prussia for supremacy in Germany, which was a main source of weakness to the German nation, is a thing of the past. No one now desires to reverse the verdict of Königgratz. And if Prussia in the last century with insignificant resources was able during a considerable period of the Seven Years' War to hold her own against Europe in arms, and in this century to become the life and soul of the rising against Napoleon in 1813 under circumstances of unexampled difficulty, it is surely very probable that United Germany will be able to resist successfully all possible combinations against the new empire. Internal troubles may prove more serious. The burning question of our time is to discover means by which business relations between workmen and employers of labor shall be less frequently strained. There is no country that can face this problem with higher hope than Germany. She has special advantages in the conservative character of the people, and in their profound notions of duty. These notions are mainly the outcome of the ethical teaching of Kant, for the doctrines of that philosopher have been embodied in the poetry of Schiller, and in this form they have been brought home to every German, and have sunk deep into the national mind. Amongst the youth of Germany, Schiller is far the most popular and most widely read of poets, and this fact is of considerable political importance, and gives the German statesman who wishes to deal with the social question special advantages. But Germany also possesses the advantage of having a powerful executive in each State, and now these various States are solidly linked together. Internal reforms may therefore be carried out with administrative prudence and care. That the German Empire is in this happy position to-day is owing in no small degree to the steadfastness with which King Frederick William IV. refused to become a mere Parliamentary emperor, and thereby preserved the Prussian crown for the German nation.

---

From The Cornhill Magazine.  
THE COLONEL'S BOY.

A STRANGER, coming upon the colonel as he sat in the morning-room of the club regarding his newspaper with an angelic smile, would have sought out another copy of the paper and searched its columns

with pleasant anticipations. But I knew better. I knew that the colonel, though he had put on his glasses and was pretending to cull the news, was really only doing what I verily believe he did after lunch and after dinner, and after he got into bed, and indeed at every one of those periods when the old campaigner, with a care for his digestion and his conscience, selects some soothing matter for meditation. He was thinking of his boy; and I went up to him and smacked him on the shoulder. "Well, colonel," I said, "how is Jim?"

"Hullo! Why, it's Jolly Joe Bratton!" he replied, dropping his glasses and gripping my hand tightly—for we did not ride and tie at Inkerman for nothing. "The very man I wanted to see."

"And Jim, colonel? How is the boy?" I asked.

"Oh, just as fit as a—a middy on shore!" he answered, speaking jollily, yet, as it seemed to me, with an effort, so that I wondered whether there was anything wrong with the boy—a little bill or two, or some small indiscretion, such as might well be pardoned in as fine a lad as ever stepped, with a six-months-old commission, a new uniform, and a station fifty minutes from London. "But come," the colonel continued before I could make any observation, "you have lunched, Joe? Will you take a turn?"

"To be sure," I said; "on one condition—that you let Kitty give you a cup of tea afterwards."

"That is a bargain!" he answered heartily; and we went into the hall. Every one knows the Junior United hall. I had reached my hat down, and was in the act of stepping back from the rack, when some one coming down-stairs two at a time—that is the worst of having any one under field rank in a club—hit me sharply with his elbow. Perhaps my coat fits a bit tightly round the waist nowadays, and perhaps not; any way, I particularly object to being poked in the back—it may be a fad of mine, or it may not—and I turned round sharply, muttering, "Confound —"

I did not say any more, seeing who had done it; but my gentleman stammered some confused apology, and taking from the colonel, who had politely picked it up, a letter which it seemed I had knocked out of his hand, he passed into the morning-room with a red face. "Clumsy scoundrel!" I said, but not so loudly that he could hear it.

"Hullo!" the colonel exclaimed, stand-

ing still, and looking at me with undisguised wonder.

"Well?" I said, perhaps rather testily, "what is the matter?"

"You are not on good terms with young Farquhar, then?"

"I am not on any terms at all with him," I answered grumpily.

The colonel whistled. "Indeed!" he said, looking down at me with a kind of wistfulness in his eyes; Dick is tall, and I am — well, I was up to standard once. "I thought — that is, Jim told me — that he was a good deal about your house, Joe. And I rather gathered that he was making up to Kitty, don't you know?"

"You did, did you?" I grunted. "Well, perhaps he was, and perhaps he wasn't. Any way, she is not for him. And he would not take an answer, the young whipper-snapper!" I continued, giving my anger a little vent, and feeling all the better for it. "He came persecuting her, if you want to know, and I had to show him the door."

I think I never saw a man — certainly on the steps of the Junior United — look more pleased than did the colonel at that moment. "Gad!" he said, "then Jim will have a chance?"

"Ho! ho!" I answered, chuckling. "So the wind sets in that quarter, does it? A chance? I should think he would have a chance, colonel!"

"And you do not object?"

"Object?" I said. "Why, it would make me the happiest man in the world, Dick. Are we not the oldest friends? And I have only Kitty and you have only Jim. Why it is — it is just Inkerman over again!"

Really it was, and we stumped down the steps in high delight. Only I felt a little anxious about Kitty's answer, for though I had a strong suspicion that her affections were inclined in the right direction, I could not be sure. The gay young soldier might not have won her heart as he had mine; so that I was still more pleased when the colonel informed me that he believed Jim intended to put it to the test this very afternoon.

"She is at home," I said, standing still.

"Ha! ha! ha!" he responded, taking my arm to lead me on.

But I declined to move. "I'll tell you what," I said, "it is a quarter to four; if Jim has not popped the question by now, he is not the man I think him. Let us go home, colonel, and hear the news."

He demurred a little, but I had him in a hansom in two shakes, and we were

bowling along Piccadilly in half-a-dozen more. Suddenly he uttered an exclamation, and, following the direction of his hand, I was just in time to catch a glimpse of Jim's face — no other's — as he shot past us in a cab going eastwards. It left us in no doubt, for the lad's cheeks were flushed and his eyes shining, and as he swept by and momentarily saw us, he raised his hat with a gesture of triumph.

"Gad!" exclaimed the colonel, "I'll bet a guinea he has kissed her! Happy dog!"

"Tra! la! la!" I answered. "I dare swear we shall not find Kitty in tears."

The words were scarcely out of my mouth when the cab swerved suddenly to one side, throwing me against my companion. I heard our driver shout, and caught sight of a bareheaded man mixed up with the near shaft. The next moment we gave a great lurch and stopped, and a little crowd came round us. The colonel was the first out, but I joined him as quickly as I could. "I do not think he is much hurt, sir," I heard the policeman say. "He is drunk, I fancy. Come, old chap, pull yourself together," he continued, giving a slight shake to the grey-haired man whom he and a bystander were supporting. "There, hold up now. Here is your hat. You are all right."

And sure enough the man, whose red nose and shabby attire seemed to lend probability to the policeman's accusation, managed when left to himself to keep his balance — with some wavering. "Hullo!" he muttered, looking uncertainly upon the crowd round him. "Is my son here to take me home? Isaac? Where is Isaac?"

"He *is* a bit shaken," said the policeman, viewing him with an air of experience. "And three parts drunk besides. He had better go to the station."

"Where do you live?" said the colonel.

"Greek Street, Soho, number twenty-seven, top floor" — this was answered glibly enough. "And I'll tell you what," the man added with a drunken hiccough and a sudden reel which left him on the policeman's shoulder — "if any gentleman will take another gentleman home, I will make him rich beyond the dreams of avarice. I'll present him his weight in gold. That I will. His weight in gold!"

"I think —" the colonel began, turning and meeting my eye.

"His weight in gold!" murmured the drunken man.

"Quite so!" I said, accepting the colonel's unspoken suggestion. "We will



see him home all right, policeman." And paying our cabman, I hailed a crawling four-wheeler, into which the officer promptly bundled our man. We got in, and in a moment were jolting eastwards again at a snail's pace.

"Perhaps we might have sent some one else with him," said the colonel, looking at me apologetically.

"Not at all!" I answered. I have no doubt that we both had the same feeling, that being happy ourselves it would not ill become us to do a good turn to this poor old wretch, whose shaking hands and tattered clothes showed that he had almost reached the bottom of the hill. I have seen more than one brother officer, once as gallant a lad as Jim, brought as low, and perhaps, but for Providence, old Joe Bratton himself — But there, it may have been some such thought as this, or it may have been an extra glass of sherry at lunch, made us take the man home. We did it; and the Lord only knows why fellows do things — good or bad.

Hauling out our charge at the door of twenty-seven, we lugged him up the dingy stairs, the gibberish which he never ceased to repeat about the dreams of avarice and our weight in gold sounding ten times as absurd on the common staircase of this dirty tenth-rate lodging-house. The attic gained, he straightened himself, and, winking at us with drunken gravity, laid his hand upon the latch of one of the doors. "You shall see — what you shall see!" he muttered, and throwing open the door he stumbled into the room. The colonel raised his eyebrows in a protest against our folly, but entered after him, and I followed.

There was only one person in the garret, which was as miserable and poverty-stricken as room could well be; and he rose and confronted us with an exclamation of anger. He was a young fellow, twenty years old perhaps, of middle size, sallow and dark-eyed, and to my thinking half-starved. The drunken man seemed unaware of his feelings, however, for he balanced himself on the floor between us, and waved his hand towards him.

"Here you are, gentlemen!" he cried. "I'm a man of my word! Allow me to introduce you! My son, Isaac Gold. Did not I tell you? Present you — your weight in gold — or nearly so."

"Father!" said the lad, eying him gloomily, "go and lie down."

"Ha! ha! Your weight in gold, gentlemen!"

"Your father was knocked down by a

cab," the colonel said quietly, "and finding that he was not able to take care of himself we brought him home."

The young man looked at us furtively, but did not answer. Instead, he took his father by the arm and forced him gently to a mattress which lay in one corner, half-hidden by a towel-rail — the latter bearing at present a shirt, evidently home-washed and hung out to dry. Twice the old fool started up muttering the same rubbish; but the third time he went off into a heavy sleep. There was something pitiful to my eyes in the boy's patience with him; so that when the lad at last turned to us and, with eyes which fiercely resented our presence, bade us begone if we had satisfied our curiosity, I was not surprised that the colonel held his ground. "I am afraid you are badly off," he said gently.

"What's that to you?" was the other's insolent answer. "Do you want to be paid for your services?"

"Steady! steady, my lad!" I put in. "You get nothing by that."

"I think I know you," the colonel continued, regarding him steadily. "There was a charge preferred against you, or some one of your name, at a police-office a few weeks ago, of personating a candidate at the examination for commissions in the army. The charge failed, I know."

The young man's color rose as the colonel spoke; but his manner indicated rather triumph than shame, and his dark eyes sparkled with malice as he retorted: "It failed? Yes, you are right there. You have been in the army yourself, I dare say?"

"I have," said the colonel gravely.

"An honorable profession, is it not?" the lad continued in a tone of biting mockery. "How many of your young friends, do you think, passed in honestly? It is a competitive examination, too, mind you. And how many do you think employed me — me — to pass for them?"

"You should be ashamed to boast of it," said the colonel, "even if you are not afraid."

"And what should they be? Tell me that!"

"They are low, mean scoundrels, whoever they are."

"So! so! You think so!" laughed the young fellow triumphantly. And then all at once the light seemed to die out of his keen, clever face, and I saw before me only a half-starved lad, with his shabby clerk's coat buttoned up to his throat to hide the want of a shirt. The same change was visible, I think, to the colonel's

eye, for he looked at me and muttered something about the cab; and understanding that he wanted a word with the young fellow alone, I went to the window and for a moment or so pretended to gaze through its murky panes. When I turned, the two men were talking by the door; the drunken father was snoring behind his improvised screen; and on a painted deal table beside me I remarked the one and only article of luxury in the room—a small soiled album. With a grunt I threw it open. It disclosed the portraits of two lads, simpering, whiskerless faces, surmounting irreproachable dog-collars and sporting pins. I turned a page and came on two more bearing a family resemblance in features, dog-collars, and pins to the others. I turned again, with a pish! and a pshaw! and found a vacant place, and opposite it—a portrait of Jim!

I stared at it for a moment in unthinking wonder, and then in a twinkling it flashed across me what these portraits were, and above all, what this portrait of Jim placed in this scoundrel's album meant. I remembered how anxious the colonel had been as the lad's examination drew near; how bitterly he had denounced the competitive system, and vowed a dozen times a day that, what with pundits and crammers and young officers who should have been girls and gone to Girton, the service was going to the dogs—"To the dogs, do you hear me, sir!" And then I recalled his great relief when the boy came out quite high up; ay, and the vast change which had at once taken place in his sentiments: "We must move with the times, sir; it is no good running your head against a brick wall," and so forth. And—well, I let fall a pretty strong word, at which the colonel turned sharply.

"What is it, major?" he said. But, seeing me standing still by the window, he turned again and added to the young man beside him, "Well, you think about it, and let me know at that address. Now," he continued, advancing towards me, "what is it, Joe?"

"What is what?" I said grumpily. I had shut the album by this time, and was standing between him and the table on which it lay. I do not know why—perhaps it came of the kindness he had just been doing—but I noticed in a way I had never noticed before what a fine figure of a man, tall and straight and noble, my old comrade still was. And a bit of a dimness, such as I have experienced once or twice lately when I have taken a third glass of

sherry at lunch, came over my sight. "Confound it!" I said.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Something in my eye!"

"Let me get it out," he said—always the kindest fellow under the sun.

"No! I'll get it out myself!" I snarled like a bear with a sore head. And on that, without stopping to explain, I plunged out of the room and down the stairs. The colonel, wondering no doubt what was the matter with me, followed more leisurely, pausing to say a last kindly word to that young rascal at the door, whom I had not had the patience to speak to; so that I had already closed a warm dispute with the cabman, by sending him off with a flea in his ear and his fare to a sixpence, when he overtook me.

"What is up, Joe?" he asked, laying his hand on my shoulder.

"That d——d dizziness—but there, I have always said the '73 sherry at the club is not sound—came over me again. I do not feel quite up to the mark," I continued with perfect truth. "I think I will go home alone, colonel, if you do not mind."

"I do mind," said he stoutly. "You may want an arm." But somehow I made it clear to him that I would rather be alone, and that the walk would do me good, and he got at last into a hansom and drove off, his grey moustache and fine old nose peering at me round the side of the cab, until a corner hid him altogether.

I had walked on a few paces, waving my umbrella cheerfully; but there I stopped, and, retracing my steps, mounted the staircase of twenty-seven, and without parley opened the door. The young fellow we had left was pacing the floor restlessly, turning over in his mind, I suspected, what the colonel had said to him. He stood still on seeing me, and then glanced round the room. "Have you forgotten anything?" he said.

"Nothing, young man," I answered. "I want to ask you a question."

"You can ask," he replied, eying me askance.

"That album," I said, pointing to it—"it contains, I suppose, the photographs of the people you have been employed to personate?"

"Possibly."

"But does it?"

"I did not know," he said slowly, in the most provoking manner, "that I had to do with a detective. What is the charge?"

"There is no charge," I answered, keeping my temper really admirably. "But I have seen the face of a friend of mine in

that book, and I'll—in a word, I'll be hanged, young man, if I don't learn all about it!" I continued. "All—do you hear? So there! Now, out with it, and do not keep me waiting, you young rascal!"

He only whistled and stared; and finding I was perhaps getting a little too warm, I took out my handkerchief, and wiping my forehead, sat down, the thought of the colonel's grief taking all the strength out of me. "Look here," I said in a different tone, "I'll take back what I have just said, and I give you my word of honor I do not want to harm the young man. But I have seen his portrait, and, if I know no more, must think the worst. Now I will give you a ten-pound note if you will answer three questions."

He shook his head; but I saw that he hesitated. "I did not show you the portrait," he said. "If you have seen it, that is your business. But I will name no names."

"I want none," I answered hurriedly. I threw open the album at the telltale photograph, and laid my trembling finger on the face. "Was this sent to you that you might personate the original?"

He nodded.

"From what place?"

He considered a moment. Then he said reluctantly: "From Frome, in Somerset, I think."

"Last year?"

He nodded again. Alas! Jim had been at a crammer's near Frome. Jim had passed his examination during the last year. I took out the money and gave it to the man; and a minute later I was standing in the street with a sentence heard more than once at mess in the old days ringing in my ears: "Refer it to the colonel. He is the soul of honor."

The soul of honor! Umph! What would he think of this? The soul of honor!—and his son, his son Jim, had done this! I walked through the streets in a kind of amaze. I had loved the boy right well myself, and was ready to choke on my own account when I thought of him. But his father—I knew that his father was wrapped up in him. His father had been a mother to him as well, and that for years—had bought him toys as a lad, and furnished his quarters later with things of which only a mother would have thought. It would kill his father.

I wiped my forehead slowly as I thought of this and put my latch-key into the door in Pond Street. I walked in with a heavy sigh—I do not know that I ever entered

with so sad a heart—and the next moment, with a flutter of skirts, Kitty was out of the dining-room, where I do not doubt she had been watching for me, and in my arms. Before Heaven! until I saw her I had not thought of her—I had never considered her at all in connection with this matter, or how I should deal with her, until I heard her say with her face on my shoulder, and her eyes looking up to mine: "Oh, father, father, I am so happy! Please, wish me joy."

Wish her joy! I could not. I could only mutter, "St! wait, girl—wait, wait!" and lead her into the dining-room, and, turning my back on her, go to the window and look out—though for all I saw I might have had my head in a soot-bag. She was alarmed of course—but to save her that I could not face her—and came after me and clung to my arm, asking me again and again what it was.

"Nothing, nothing," I said. "There—wait a minute; don't you know that I shall lose you?"

"Father," she said sharply, trying to look into my face, "it is not that. You know you will not lose me! There is something else the matter. Ah! Jim went in a cab, and——"

"Jim is all right," I answered roughly, feeling her hand fall from my arm. "In that way at any rate."

"Then I am not afraid," she answered stoutly, "if you and Jim are all right."

"Look here, Kitty," I said, making up my mind, "sit down, I want to talk to you."

And she did sit down, and I told her all. With some girls it might not have been the best course; but Kitty is not like most of the girls I meet nowadays—one half of whom are blue stockings, with no more aptitude for the duties of wives and mothers than the statuettes in a shop window, and the other half are misses in white muslin, who are always either giggling pertly or sitting with their thumbs in their mouths. Kitty is a companion, a helpmeet, God bless her! She knows that Wellington did not fight at Blenheim, and she does not think that Lucknow is in the Crimea. She knows no Greek and she loves dancing—her very eyes dance at the thought of it. But she would rather sit at home with the man she loves than waltz at Marlborough House. And if she has not learned a little fortification on the sly, and does not know how many men stand between Jim and his company—I am a Dutchman! Lord! when I see a man marry a girl for a pretty face—not

that Kitty has not a pretty face, and a sweet one too, no thanks to her father—I wonder whether he has considered what it will be to sit opposite my lady at, say, twenty thousand nine hundred meals on an average! Phaugh! That is the test, sir.

So I told Kitty all, and the way she took it showed me that I was right. "What!" she exclaimed, when I had finished the story, to which she had listened breathlessly, with her face half turned from me, and her arm on the mantelpiece, "is that all, father?"

"My dear," I said sadly, "you do not understand." I remembered how often I had heard—ay, and sometimes noticed—that women's ideas of honor differ from men's.

"Understand!" she retorted, fiery hot. "I understand that you think Jim has done this thing—this mean, miserable, wretched thing. Father," she continued, turning with sudden earnestness and laying both her hands on my shoulders, so that her brave grey eyes looked into my eyes, "if three people came to you and told you that I had gone into your bedroom and taken money from the cash-box in your cupboard to pay some bill of mine, and that when I had done it I had kept it from you, and told stories about it—if three, four, five people told you that they had seen me do it, would you believe them?"

"Never, Kitty," I said, smiling against my will, "not though five angels told me so, my dear. It would be absurd. I know you too well."

"And this is absurd—absurd, do you hear, father? Do you think I do not know him—and love him?"

And the foolish girl, who had begun to waltz round the room like a mad thing, stopped suddenly and looked at me with tears in her eyes and her lips quivering.

I could not but take some comfort from her confidence.

"Certainly," I said. "The colonel brought him up, and it seems hardly possible that the lad should turn out so bad. But the photograph, my girl—the photograph? What do you say to that? It was Jim, I can swear. I could not be mistaken. There could not be another so like him."

"There is no one like him," she answered softly.

"Very well. And then I have noticed that he has been in bad spirits lately. A bad conscience, I fear."

"You dear old donkey!" she answered,

shaking me with both her little hands. "That was about me. He has told me all that. He thought Mr. Farquhar—Mr. Farquhar, indeed!"

"Oh, that was it, was it?" I said. "Well, that may account for his depression of spirits. But look you here, Kitty; was he not rather nervous about his examination?"

"A little," she answered with reluctance.

"And, nevertheless, did he not come out tolerably high?"

"Seventeenth. Thirteen thousand four hundred and twenty-six marks," Kitty replied glibly.

"Umph! And if he had failed he would have suffered in your eyes?"

"Not a scrap. And, besides, he did not fail," she retorted.

"But he may have thought he would suffer," I answered, "if he failed. That would be a sharp temptation, Kitty."

She did not reply at once. She was busy rolling up some ribbon of her frock into the smallest possible compass, and unrolling it again. At last she said,—

"I know he did not do it, but that is all I do know. I cannot prove to you that white is not black, but it is not, and I know it is not."

"Well, my dear, I hope you are right," I answered. And it cheered me to find that she at least was worthy of confidence.

She promised readily to let me have the first word with the lad when he called next day; and as for undertaking to have nothing more to do with him if the charge should prove to be true, she made nothing of that—because, as she said, it really meant nothing.

"A Jim who had done that would not be my Jim at all," she explained gaily, "but quite a different Jim—a James, sir."

Certainly, a girl's faith is a wonderful thing. And hers so far affected me that I regretted I had not taken a bolder course, and, showing the photograph to the colonel, had the whole thing threshed out on the spot. Possibly I might have saved myself a very wretched hour or two. But no, on second thoughts I could not see how the boy could be innocent. I could not help piecing the evidence together—the damning evidence, as it seemed to me—the certain identity of Jim with the original of the photograph, the arrival of the latter from Frome, where the lad had spent the last weeks previous to his examination, the fears he had expressed before the ordeal, and his success beyond his hopes at it; these things

seemed almost conclusive. I had only the boy's character, his father's training, and his sweetheart's faith, to set against them.

His sweetheart's faith, did I say? Ah, well! when I came down to breakfast next morning, whom should I find in tears — and she, as a rule, the most equable girl in the world — but Kitty.

"Hullo!" I said. "What is all this?"

At the sound of my voice she sprang to her feet; she had been kneeling by the fireplace groping with her hands inside the fender. Her cheeks were crimson, and she was crying — yes, certainly crying, although she had tried by a hasty dab of the flimsy thing she calls a pocket-handkerchief to remove the traces.

"Well!" I said, for she was dumb.

"What is it, my dear?"

"I have — torn up a letter," she answered, a little sob dividing the sentence into two.

"So I see," I answered dryly. "And now, I suppose, you are sorry for it."

"It was a horrid letter, father," she cried, her eyes shining like electric lamps in a shower — "about Jim."

"Indeed," I said, with a very nasty feeling inside me. "What about Jim? And why did you tear it up, my dear? One-half of it, I should say, has gone into the fire."

"It was from — a woman!" she answered.

And presently she told me that the letter, which was unsigned, accused Jim of having played with the affections of the writer, and warned Kitty to be on her guard against him, and not to be a party to the wrong he was doing an innocent girl.

"Pooh!" I said with a contemptuous laugh. "That cock will not fight, my dear. It has been tried over and over again. You do not mean to say that that has made you cry? Why, if so, you are — you are just as big a fool as any girl I ever knew." And, indeed, I was surprised to find that Kitty's faith in her lover, which had been proof against a charge made on good evidence, failed before an uncorroborated, unsigned accusation, because, forsooth, it mentioned a woman. "What postmark did it bear?" I asked.

"Frome," she murmured.

This was certainly odd — very odd. Pretty devilments I knew those fellows at crammers' were up to sometimes. Could it be that we were all mistaken in Master Jim, as I have once or twice known a lad's family and home friends to be mistaken in

him? Was he all the time an out-and-out bad one? Or had he some enemy at Frome plotting against his happiness? This seemed a romantic notion, and absurd besides, since we had lit upon Isaac Gold by a chance, and on the portrait by a chance within a chance, and no enemy, however acute — not Machiavelli himself — could have foreseen the *rencontre* or arranged the circumstances which had led me to the photograph. Therefore, though the anonymous letter might be the work of an ill-wisher, I did not see how the other could be. However, I gathered up the few fragments of writing which had escaped the fire, and put them carefully aside, to serve, if need be, for evidence.

Indeed, I had just made up my mind sternly and sorrowfully that I must put an end to all matters between Jim and my girl unless he should clear himself of these suspicions — when what should I hear but his voice, and his father's, in the hall. There is something in the sound of a familiar voice which so recalls our past knowledge of the speaker that I can think of nothing which pierces the cloud of doubt more thoroughly. At any rate, when the two came in, I jumped up and gave a hand to each. Behind Jim's back one might suspect him; confronted by his laughing eyes, and his brown, honest, boyish face — well, by the Lord! I would as soon have suspected my old comrade, God bless him!

"Jim," I found myself saying, his hand in mine, and every one of my prudent resolutions gone to the wind, "Jim, my boy, I am a happy man. Take her and be good to her, and God bless you! No, colonel, no," I continued in desperate haste, "I do not ask a question. Let the lad take her. If your son cannot be trusted no one can. There, I am glad that is settled."

I verily believe I was almost blubbering; and though I meant to say only what I should have said if this confounded matter had never arisen, I let drop, it seems, enough to set the colonel questioning, for in five minutes I had told him the whole story of the photograph.

It was pleasant to observe his demeanor. Though he never for a moment lost his faith in Jim — mind, he had not seen the portrait — and his eyes continued to shoot little glances of confidence at his son, he drew back his chair and squared his shoulders, and altogether assumed a judicial air.

"Now, sir," he said, with his hands on



his knees, "this must be explained. We are much obliged to the major for bringing it to our notice. You will be good enough to explain, my lad."

Jim did explain; or rather, when he answered frankly that he had never heard Isaac Gold's name before, and certainly had never given him a photograph, he believed him; and when he jumped up with his usual impetuosity and proposed to go at once to Gold's house and see the photograph, I was delighted. In half a minute we were in a cab, and in ten more had the good luck to discover only old Gold at home. A five-shilling piece slipped into the drunkard's hand sufficed to obtain for us the view we desired.

"I suppose it is a likeness of me," Jim murmured, looking hard at the photograph.

"Certainly it is!" replied the colonel rather curtly. Up to this moment he had thought me deceived by some chance resemblance.

"Then let us see who took it, and where it was printed," Jim answered in a matter-of-fact tone. "I do not believe I have ever been taken in this dress. See, it bears no photographer's name; probably an amateur has taken it. Let me think."

While he thought, old Gold pattered about the open door of the room on the watch for Isaac's return. "Yes," said Jim at last, "I think I have it. I was photographed in this dress as one of a group before a meet of the hounds at old Bulcher's."

"At Frome?"

"Yes. And this has been enlarged, I have no doubt, from the head in the group. But why, or who has done it, or how it comes to be here, I know no more than you do."

At this moment young Gold's footsteps were heard outside. He seemed to have some suspicion that his secrets were in danger, for he came up the stairs three at a time, and bounced into the room, looking for a moment, as his eyes lit on us and the open album, as if he would knock us all down. When his glance fell on Jim, however, a change came over him. It was singular to see the two looking at one another, Jim eying him with the supercilious stare of the boy-officer, and he returning the look with a covert recognition in his dark, defiant eyes. "Well," said Jim, "do you know me?"

"I have never seen you before to my knowledge."

"Perhaps you will explain then how you came by this photograph?"

"That is my business," said Gold sternly.

"Oh, is it?" retorted Jim, with fire. "We will see about that." I think it annoyed him, as it certainly did me, to detect in the other's glance and tone a subtle meaning—a covert understanding. "If you do not explain, I'll—I will call in the police, my man."

But here the colonel interfered. He told me afterwards that he felt some sympathy for Gold. He summarily silenced Jim, and, telling the other that he should hear from him again, led us down-stairs. I noticed that, as we passed out into the street, he slipped his arm through his son's, and I have no doubt he managed to convey to the young fellow as plainly as by words that his faith in him was unshaken.

Very naturally, however, Jim was not satisfied with this or with the present position of things, which was certainly puzzling. "But, look here!" he said, suddenly standing still in the middle of the pavement, "what is to be done, sir? That fellow believes, or pretends to believe, though he will not say a word, that I have used him to do my dirty work. And I have not! Then why the deuce should he parade my photograph? Do you think—by George! I believe I have got it—do you think it is a case of blackmail?"

"No," said the colonel with decision, "it cannot be. We came upon the photograph of ourselves and by the purest accident. It was not sent to us, or used against you. No! But look here, I say!" The colonel in his turn stopped suddenly in the middle of the pavement and struck the latter with his stick. He had got his idea. His eyes sparkled.

"Well?" we said.

"Suppose some other fellow employed Gold to pass the examination, and, having this very fear of being blackmailed in his mind, got a photograph of a friend tolerably like himself, and sent it up instead of his own? What then?"

"Ho! ho! What then? Precisely!" I said. We all nodded to one another like so many Chinese mandarins, and the colonel looked proudly at his son, as though saying, "Now what do you think of your father, my boy?"

"I think you have hit it, sir!" said Jim, answering the unspoken question. "There were nearly thirty fellows at Bulcher's."

"And among them there was a low rascal—a low rascal, sir," replied the colonel, his eyes sparkling, "who did not even trust his own companion in iniquity, but

arranged to have an answer ready if his accomplice should turn upon him. 'I suborned him?' he would say when charged—'I deny it. He has my name pat enough, but has he any proof? A photograph? But that is not my photograph!' Do you see, major?"

"I see," I said. "And now come home with me, both of you, and we will talk it over with Kitty."

By this time, however, it was two o'clock. Jim, who had only arranged for a flying visit, found he must resign all hope of seeing Kitty to-day, and take a cab to Charing Cross if he would catch his train back. The colonel had a luncheon engagement—for which he was already late—and so we separated then and there in somewhat of a hurry. When I got back the first question Kitty—who, you may be sure, met me in the hall—asked me was: "Where is Jim, father?" The second: "And what does he say about the letter?"

"God bless my soul!" I exclaimed, "I never gave a thought to it. I am afraid I never mentioned it, my dear. I was thinking about the photograph. I fancy we have got nearly to the bottom of that."

"Pooh!" she said. And, upon my word, she pretended to take very little interest in the explanation I gave her, though—the sly little cat!—when I dropped the subject, she was quite ready to take it up again, rather than not talk about Jim at all.

I am sometimes late for breakfast; she rarely or never. But next morning on entering the dining-room I found the table laid for one only, and Matthews, the maid, waiting modestly before the coffee-pot. "Where is Miss Bratton?" I said grumpily, taking the *Times* from the fender. "Miss Kitty had a headache," was the answer, "and was taking a cup of tea in bed." "Ho, ho!" thought I, "this comes of being in love! Confound the lads! Sausage? No, I won't have sausage. Who the deuce ordered sausages at this time of year? Bacon? Umph!—seems half done. This coffee is thick. There, that will do. Don't rattle those cups and saucers all day! Confound the girl!—do you hear? You can go!" The way women bully a man when they get him alone is a caution.

When I returned from my morning stroll, I heard voices in the dining-room, and looked in to see how Kitty was. Well, she was—in brief, there was just a scene going on. Miss Kitty, her cheeks

crimson and her eyes shining, was standing with her back to the window; and facing her, half angry and half embarrassed, was Jim. "Hoity toity, you two!" I said, closing the door behind me. "These are early times for this kind of thing. What is up?"

"I'll be hanged if I know, sir!" said Jim, looking rather foolish.

"What have you got there, my dear?" I continued, for Kitty had one hand behind her, and I was not slow to connect this hand with the scornful expression on her pretty face.

"He knows," she said, trembling with anger—the little vixen.

"I know nothing!" returned Jim sheepishly. "I came in, and when I—Kitty flew out and attacked me, don't you see, sir?"

"Very well, my dear," I answered, "if you do not feel able to explain, Jim had better go. Only, if he goes now, of course I cannot say when he will come back."

"I will come back, Kitty, whenever you will let me," said the young fool.

"Shut your mouth, sir," I replied. "Now, Kitty, attend to me. What is it?"

"Ask him—to whom he gave his photograph at Frome!" she said, in a breathless sort of way.

"His photograph? Why, that is just what we were talking about yesterday," I replied sharply. "I thought it did not interest you, my girl, when I told you all about it last night."

"That photograph!"—with withering contempt—"I do not mean *that*! Do you think I suspect him of *that*?" She stepped forward as though to go to him, and her face altered wonderfully. Then she recollected herself and fell back. "No," she said coldly, "to what woman, sir, did you give your photograph at Frome?"

"To no woman at all," he said emphatically.

"Then look at this!" she said. She held out as she spoke a photograph, which I identified at once as the portrait we had seen at Gold's, or a copy of that one. I snatched it from Jim with an exclamation. "Where did you get this, my girl?" I asked briskly.

"It came this morning, with another letter from that woman," she murmured.

I think she began to feel ashamed of herself, and in two minutes I got the letter also from her. It was written by the same hand as the letter of the day before, and was, like it, unsigned. Its purport was

merely that the writer, in proof of her good faith, enclosed a photograph which Master Jim—that gay Lothario, if the lady was to be believed—had given her. We were still looking at the letter when the colonel came in. I explained the matter to him, and I will answer for it, before he at all understood it, Kitty was more ashamed of herself than ever.

"This photograph and the one at Gold's are facsimiles," said he thoughtfully. "That is certain. And both come from Frome. My conclusion is that the gentleman who obtained Jim's photograph for his own purpose last year—to send to Gold, I mean—printed off more than one copy; and having this one by him, and wishing for some reason to cause mischief between Kitty and Jim, he thought of this and used it. The sender is, therefore, some one who passed his examination last year and is still at Frome."

Jim shook his head.

"If he passed, sir, he would not be at Bulcher's now," he said.

"On second thoughts he may not be," replied the colonel. "He may have sent the two letters to Frome to some confidential friend with orders to post them. Wait—wait a minute," my old chum added, looking at me with a sudden light in his keen eyes. "Where have I seen a letter addressed to Frome—within the last day or two? Eh? Wait a bit."

We did wait; and presently the colonel announced his discovery in a voice of grim triumph.

"I have it," he said. "It is that scoundrel, Farquhar!"

"Farquhar!" I said. "What do you mean, colonel?"

"Just that, major. Do you remember his knocking against you in the hall at the club the day before yesterday? He dropped a letter, and I picked it up. It was addressed—I could not help seeing so much—to Frome."

"Well," said Jim slowly, "he was at Bulcher's, and he passed last year. And I remember now that no one else from Bulcher's went up at the same examination."

"And the letter," continued the colonel in his turn, "was in a large envelope—one that would contain a cabinet photograph."

There was a dead silence in the room. Kitty's face was hidden. Jim moved at last—towards her? No, towards the door. He had his hand on it when the colonel observed him.

"Stop!" he said sharply. "Come back,

my boy. None of that. The major and I will deal with him."

Jim still lingered.

"Well, sir," he said, "I will only——"

"Come back!" roared the colonel, imperiously, but with the most gracious smile in his eyes as he looked at his boy. "You will stop here, you lucky dog, you. And I hope this will be a lesson to you not to give your photograph to young ladies at Frome."

If Kitty squirmed a little in her chair at that, well she deserved it. I said before that a woman's faith is a wonderful thing. But when there is another woman in the case—umph!

"Mr. Farquhar, sir? Yes sir, he is in the house," said the club porter, turning in his glass case to consult his book. "I believe he went up-stairs to the drawing-room, sir."

"Thank you," the colonel replied, and he glanced at me and I at him; and then, fixing our hats on tightly, and grasping our sticks, we went up-stairs.

We were in luck, as it turned out, for not only was Farquhar in the drawing-room, but there was no one else in the long, stiff, splendid room. He looked up from his writing, and saw us piloting our way towards him between the chairs and tables, and I think he turned green. At any rate, my last doubt left me at sight of his conscience-stricken face.

"A word with you, Mr. Farquhar," said the colonel grimly, keeping a tight hand on my arm, for I confess I had been in favor of more drastic measures. "It is about a photograph."

"A photograph?" said the startled wretch, his mouth ajar.

"Well, perhaps I should have said two photographs," replied the colonel gravely; "photographs of my son which are lying, one in the possession of Major Bratton, and one in the album of a certain friend of yours, Mr. Isaac Gold."

He tried to frame the words, "A friend of mine!" and to feign astonishment and stare us down; but it was a pitiable attempt, and his eyes sank. He could only mutter, "I do not know him. There is some mistake."

"Perhaps so," said the colonel smoothly. "I hope there is some mistake. But let me tell you this, Mr. Farquhar. Unless you apply within a week for leave to resign your commission in her Majesty's service, I shall lay certain facts concerning these photographs before the commander-in-chief and before the mess of your regi-

ment. You understand me, I think? Very well. That is all I wish to say to you."

Apparently he had nothing to say to us in return, and we were both glad, I think, to turn our backs on that baffled, spiteful face, in which the horror of discovery strove with the fear of ruin. It is ill striking a man when he is down, and I was glad to get out of the house and breathe a purer air.

We had no need to go to the commander-in-chief. Lieutenant Farquhar applied for leave to resign within the week, and her Majesty obtained, I think, a better bargain in Private Isaac Gold, who, following the colonel's advice, enlisted about this time. He is already a corporal, and, aided by an education rare in the ranks, bids fair to earn a sergeant's stripes at an early date. He has turned over a new leaf — the colonel always maintained that he had a keen sense of honor; and I feel little doubt that if he ever has the luck to rise to Farquhar's grade, and bear the queen's commission, he will be a credit to it and to his friend and brother officer — the colonel's boy. Not, mind you, that I think he will ever be as good a fellow as Jim! No, no.

---

From *The Nineteenth Century*.  
THE COMTE DE CLERMONT.

OF late, owing possibly to the celebration of the centenary of the Revolution, an abundance of literature relating to the last decades of the French eighteenth century has flooded the book-market, throwing into the shade the not less instructive, though less sensational, era which comprised the reign of Louis the Fifteenth. Every reader is tolerably familiar with the celebrities of that reign, but it is not the least remarkable feature of the time that its minor notabilities played an important, if unconscious, part in precipitating the events of 1789, and should be remembered, because of the strange and striking example they afford of the character and customs of a system which brought upon itself such a tragic dissolution.

To M. Jules Cousin we are indebted for a curious and valuable sketch of the life of the Comte de Clermont, which has remained comparatively unknown. It was printed, so the author tells us, on good paper, and in fine type, but the issue was limited, so that it might minister to the enjoyment of bibliophiles alone.

Of his hero the Comte de Clermont it must be confessed that, though of illustrious birth, he was not an illustrious personage in the other and more creditable sense of the word, and perhaps his memory would be better served by being ignored — a remark which, however, might apply with greater force to many of his more eminent contemporaries whose higher responsibility enhanced their guilt.

He was the great-grandson of the great Prince de Condé, and Mlle. de Nantes, a legitimized daughter of Louis the Fourteenth and Mme. de Montespan, and third son of the Duc de Bourbon, and was born in 1709, a memorable date in French history. France had not been in such straits since 1420, when by the Treaty of Troyes Henry of Lancaster was made regent and heir to her throne. Her military power was humbled, her trade and commerce were paralyzed by religious persecution and half a century of those wars which Louis the Fourteenth sorrowfully admitted on his deathbed he had loved too passionately. Decimated on the battlefield abroad, and by famine at home, and oppressed by the wanton exercise of seigniorial rights, the people were suffering indescribable misery. The various branches of the administration were thrown out of gear by the absolutism of a despot who was past the age to correct the abuses which his arrogance, his egotism, and his bigotry had caused. Nevertheless, all classes of the population submitted to the tyranny of Louis the Fourteenth, and seemed to endure with indifference the scandals of the Regency and the profligacy of Louis the Fifteenth.

It should be borne in mind that liberty of the subject, equality before the law, and religious toleration were then as unknown in France as they are now in Russia; and it required all the vices and the long misrule of Louis the Fifteenth, and the growth of enlightenment and learning, to efface the glamor which the glory of the seventeenth century still shed on the darkening shadows of the eighteenth; and to dispel the idolatrous belief in the divine attributes of the king with which Louis the Fourteenth had saturated the whole of Europe. "Unquestionably there are certain functions," were the words which he had written for the instruction of the dauphin, "in which taking the place of God we seem to participate in his knowledge as well as in his authority. . . . Exercising on earth an entirely divine function, we must try to appear incapable of the agitations which can de-

tract from it. . . . Everything that exists in our state, of whatever nature it may be, belongs to us; the coin which is in our cash-box, that which is in the hands of the treasury, or that which we grant to the trade of our people."

For some time these demoralizing and corroding principles had been silently, but surely, undermining the old order of things. Their effects became manifest in 1715, when, on the death of Louis the Fourteenth, a cry of relief went up through the land, and the man who had been deified in his lifetime was spoken of as a good riddance the moment he was gone. The country was secured by the Peace of Utrecht from all external danger, but was thoroughly exhausted, and longed for a rest of which it could never be certain while the breath remained in the old king. Of the great statesmen, warriors, and writers whom he had honored, none were left to mourn the sovereign who had ended his days in a gloomy and priest-ridden court, or to assist his successor with their experience. A new generation had sprung up that had long chafed under severe restraint, and on the death of the monarch who had kept it in subjection broke into the most extravagant license with all the recklessness of youth and the vivacity of its race.

On the throne sat a child of five, surrounded by a host of legitimate and legitimized princes and princesses, who had inherited all the arrogance, but none of the commanding qualities, of their blood, and used their position solely for the furtherance of their personal ends, and in utter contempt of the commonweal. The Duc d'Orléans was regent by right of birth, but during the last years of the previous reign he had been kept back in disgrace by the influence of the legitimized children of the king. So artfully had he been calumniated by them, that the premature deaths of the lineal descendants of the sovereign were laid to his charge, and at the funeral of the Duke of Burgundy he was nearly torn to pieces by the infuriated crowd. One of the first acts of the new government was to annul by parliamentary decree the will of Louis the Fourteenth, and to order that the legitimized princes should lose their royal rank and be ineligible for the succession to the throne. For the first time in French history the royal authority was represented in the State documents as a mandate, so that there was no longer any question of its sacred origin or inviolable character. The nation, under this new dispensation, had the right to

dispose of itself, the monarchy being regarded as a mere contract, which the contracting parties had the right to revoke. In this manner the first step was taken towards the Revolution.

Such was the state of affairs during the infancy of the Comte de Clermont. As a younger son he was condemned by the prevailing system of primogeniture to forego his share of the ancestral inheritance, and was marked out for the Church from his birth. The hardship of his lot, however, was not as great as might be supposed. France was studded with monasteries and convents, possessing rich endowments, the wealthiest of which were exclusively reserved for the benefit of the nobility. Remiremont and Fontevrault, the former situated in the Vosges, the latter near the Loire, were two small principalities whose abbays enjoyed a splendid income, position, and privileges. To be admitted into the chapter of Remiremont, an unblemished ancestry extending over two centuries was essential, and when the daughter of Gaston d'Orléans, brother of Louis the Thirteenth, expressed the desire to become its abbess, she was refused, on the ground that the house of Bourbon, by its alliance with the Medici, had derogated from its position. Fontevrault had five churches, its possessions and authority extended over four provinces, and it boasted of forty-five priories. Of its abbess, who in default of a legitimate, had at least to be an illegitimate princess of France, it was said that she wielded not a crozier, but a sceptre.

But it should not be forgotten that there were two kinds of abbés in France — the clerical and the lay abbé. The needy offspring of a wide-spreading aristocracy, the *abbé au petit collet*, had nothing of the ecclesiastic about him but the garb, and used all the art at his command to obtain the favor of the great ladies, and the patronage of the great nobles, to secure the reversion of a wealthy abbey *en commende*, with whose religious duties he would have no concern, but whose revenues he could squander at his ease. These abbays *en commende* were conferred by the king on lay clerics and by right, one-third of their revenue only could be appropriated by the abbé, while of the other two-thirds, one-third should go for alms and the repairs of the church, and the remaining third to the support of the religious community. But lay cardinals, ministers, and princes of the blood asserted their claim to the same rights as the ecclesiastical abbés, and appropriated the whole income.



Cardinal Dubois drew 70,000*l.* a year from his see, which he never visited once. The Abbé Terray, finance minister and minister of public works, built up a fortune at the public cost, which went chiefly into the pockets of the king's favorites, and a conception can be formed of the magnificence of the residence which he erected for himself in Paris, from the fact that he spent four hundred thousand francs on his bed alone. The Cardinal de Bernis, the impecunious younger son of an illustrious family, owed his preferment, at the age of nineteen, to the charm of his manners at fashionable supper parties. When he first applied to Cardinal Fleury for a place, he was curtly told to wait, and that he had nothing to expect in his lifetime. "Well, then, I shall wait," he rejoined to the octogenarian minister; and he waited not in vain. Mme. de Pompadour, whom he had conciliated by his graceful verses, gave him a pension and an apartment in the Tuileries, sent him as ambassador to Venice, and then appointed him minister for foreign affairs. How Bernis looked after the spiritual welfare of the many thousands committed to his care, and who were ground down to provide him with his income, can easily be surmised.

Many of the lay abbesses of France reflected as little dignity on the Church as their brethren the lay abbés. One of the most remarkable of them was a daughter of the regent, who, though more notorious for her devotion to the Duc de Richelieu than for any inclination to a monastic life, secured the removal of the reigning Abbess of Chelles in order to step into her place. In her capacity of abbess she employed her time in hunting and shooting, arranging displays of fireworks, and in giving ballets and balls. After the ceremony of her enthronement she presided at a grand banquet with the regent on one side and a nun on the other; when the company had retired, the crowd was allowed to come in and scramble for the remains of the feast. In this way she showed her consideration for the poor.

To this career the Comte de Clermont, the youngest of three brothers, was destined. The eldest, the Duc de Bourbon — the father of the Prince de Condé of the Emigration, and ancestor of the Duc d'Enghien, Napoleon's victim — became the nominal tutor of the young Louis the Fifteenth, and shortly afterwards prime minister. He amassed a large fortune in three years, and during his short administration he excelled by his venality and corruption, at a time when those vices

were the monopoly of his class. His successor, Cardinal Fleury, sent him into exile, and though he was allowed to return, he had to abstain from interfering in politics. The infamy of the Comte de Clermont's second brother has become historic, and of him the words of M. Lacroix convey all that is needful. "The Comte de Charolais became one of the vilest scoundrels of the day. He began by murdering one of his servants whose wife he had been unable to seduce; and he shot a slater for the fun of seeing him roll off the roof. He deserved the scaffold twenty times, and would have suffered on it had there been, under the monarchy, such a thing as justice for a prince."

Of the princesses who adorned the house of Condé, Mlle. de Charolais — the eldest, the brightest, and the most beautiful — signalized herself above her sisters by the levity of her conduct. From the diaries of the time we learn that, though she had the honor of preceding Mme. de Pompadour in the affections of Louis the Fifteenth, the number of her previous and subsequent intrigues defies enumeration. However, she varied them with an occasional attack of devoutness, of which some diverting reminiscences are extant. One day fancying herself ill, and fearing that her last hour had struck, she cried out for the immediate assistance of a confessor, and a monk from a Capuchin monastery, who happened to be the nearest at hand, was brought to her bedside. On entering the apartment of the princess the good friar was transfixed with admiration and awe, so that he dared neither move nor utter a word while the fair penitent unburdened herself of her lengthy narrative. At the end, making a low bow, and in a voice trembling with emotion, he muttered, "Now perhaps her Highness will graciously permit me to give her absolution."

For the advantage of these estimable relatives the Comte de Clermont was tonsured at the age of six, and was presented with half-a-dozen of the fattest abbeys in the land. Some of these he afterwards was made to exchange for the abbey *en commende* of St. Germain-des-Prés, a monastery of the Benedictines, the richest ecclesiastical benefice of the kingdom. Besides a palace in Paris, the abbey owned the Château de Berny, on the Orleans road, and there Clermont passed the greater part of his life. Nominally he had his private apartments in the royal residence, but as these were often requisi-

tioned without his permission for the use of distinguished visitors, he abstained from claiming them, and when he visited Versailles he found in the seclusion of a villa, in the vicinity of the Parc aux Cerfs, a more congenial atmosphere and one more favorable to his pursuits.

Clermont lost his father a year after his birth, and was entrusted to the tuition of the Comte de Billy, an officer in the Condé household, who became first gentleman of his court, but died soon after his appointment, leaving a son, whom Clermont adopted. Of Clermont's education we have no special record, but we may gather that it was not confined altogether to fencing, riding, and dancing lessons; for at the age of fourteen, having lost a pet monkey, he announced the mournful event to his friends in a poem, and further commemorated the sad event in three rhymed epigrams, composed for a mausoleum which he erected over the ashes of his deceased favorite. These verses were mere platitudes, it is true, but they gave some indication of a bent towards literature. A young prince could hardly be expected to grieve long over a monkey, even though it were the most perfect of its kind, and we read that in the following year, when accompanying the young king on an expedition to Chantilly, Clermont fell a victim to, or was made a victim of, the fascinating Mme. de Grave. Her husband, though irritated on discovering the intrigue, courteously and wisely forbore from interfering, and subsequently, when a lady indulged in a somewhat serious flirtation, she was spoken of at court as *une femme grave*. A year passed, and Mme. de Grave was forsaken for a certain Mlle. Quoniam, a damsel of thirteen, whose father kept an eating-house in the suburbs of Paris. These were the halcyon days for couples of incompatible temper — the days of the *lettres de cachet*, when, during the administration of Cardinal Fleury alone, eighty thousand were granted or even sold for a few louis by ministers. Some striking illustrations of the uses to which this summary power was put at times are afforded in the memoirs of the Comte de Ségur. There was in Paris a flower-girl named Jeanneton, whose beauty attracted the notice of the gentlemen of the court, and the Chevalier de Coigny, happening to find her looking particularly sprightly one day, inquired the reason. "My husband was such a brute and such a monster," she answered, "that I have bought a *lettre de cachet* from the Comte de St. Florentin for ten

louis to free me from him." The chevalier lost sight of Jeanneton for a couple of years, and when he met her again she was pale and dejected. "Where have you been all this time?" he asked. "I hardly knew you again." "Alas, sir," she replied, "I was a fool to rejoice. My wicked husband had the same idea as myself, he too went to the minister and bought a *lettre de cachet* for me; so it cost our poor household twenty louis to get both of us locked up." For reasons of her own, into which we need not inquire, Mme. Quoniam also considered the presence of her lord and master an obstacle to her domestic happiness. One bright summer afternoon she took her confiding husband for a drive in the Bois, and when he was alighting from his cab, a troop of archers seized him, and, before he had time to recover from his bewilderment, he was handcuffed and shipped off to the West Indies, and was never heard of again.

In the mean while Clermont spent an idyllic time in his Arcadian retreat at Versailles, and though he soon tired of Mlle. Quoniam, he experienced no difficulty in severing the ephemeral ties which bound him to her. His cousin, the young Prince de Conti, who had just entered the bonds of matrimony, was nothing loth to free him from his burthen, so that he might transfer his affections to the Duchesse de Bouillon. The personality of this lady, who enjoyed the reputation of being the frailest of her sex, has been preserved for us in the well-known play of "Adrienne Lecouvreur," though there she is confused with her step-daughter-in-law, the Princesse de Bouillon. The somewhat mysterious and dramatic circumstances of Adrienne Lecouvreur's death, which was at the time falsely laid at the door of the Duchesse de Bouillon, but was in reality the result of a long illness, only partly account for the interest which still attaches to her name. The fact is, that she was endowed with qualities that are rare at all times, but were rarer still in those in which she lived. As a woman she could not fail to be influenced by that laxity of morals against which there was no prejudice at the time, but her intrigues were never tainted with venal motives, and never gave rise to any scandal. She was beloved by the greatest general of her day, and by Voltaire, who dedicated his most touching elegy to her memory. Though Lord Peterborough ventured to address her with the words, "Allons! qu'on me montre beaucoup d'amour et beaucoup d'esprit," which illustrate the position then

held even by a great actress, owing to her perfect tact, as well as to her great intellectual accomplishments, Adrienne Lecouvreur's house became the resort of the best society, including the ladies of the court. As an actress she entirely reformed the old stage mannerisms, and introduced that natural and unaffected delivery which it has ever since been the ambition of the French stage to preserve, instead of the traditional pompous, artificial, and ranting style of declamation. Her profession, which until then had been looked down upon with profound contempt by all classes, she succeeded in raising by her own efforts into something like esteem.

Clermont's intrigue with the Duchesse de Bouillon was of short duration; and now, for a period of eight years, Mlle. de Camargo reigned supreme over his heart, his purse, his abbey, and his court. With Camargo's private adventures we are not concerned. She ruined many admirers of high degree, and lavished her fortune on others of her own class. Camargo, who was a genius in her way, was the daughter of a poor music master named Coupis, but claimed descent from the old Spanish family of Camargo. But her assumed ancestry did not protect her from the jealousies of the green room, nor did it ensure the rapid acceptance of the innovations she sought to introduce into the art of dancing. Until her time, ballets consisted merely of a majestic or graceful kind of motion, and dancers were, into the bargain, doomed to wear the tall, ungainly headdress of the former century, as well as the heavy brocaded gowns and enormous hoops in fashion at court. Camargo was disheartened by the failure of her attempts to reform the ballet in Paris, and she proceeded to London with a letter from an Academician to the French chargé d'affaires, who obtained for her an engagement at Covent Garden. There she appeared in two ballets she had composed, introducing for the first time that costume and style of dancing with which we are now familiar. When she returned to Paris her success was prodigious. Eight years of Camargo's society having exhausted the affection of Clermont, he fell under the charm of another votary of the terpsichorean art — Mlle. Le Duc — who was destined to exercise a more durable influence over his life.

It may seem surprising that all the gossip concerning not only every member of the government but every social notoriety should have been chronicled and preserved. For this we are indebted to the peculiar disposition of Louis the Fifteenth,

to whom the most secret actions and intrigues of his subjects were of more moment than the affairs of State, and who found in their details a temporary relief from his chronic affliction of the spleen. Every letter, before it reached its destination, took a circuitous route through Versailles; and, in consequence, many a peer and a poet found themselves in the Bastille for having penned some joke at the expense of the king or Mme. de Pompadour. But not content with perusing the correspondence of his subjects, the king kept an army of spies at their heels to report to him their most private conversations at their social gatherings. A minister, the Comte de Maurepas, was exiled from Paris for having written a satirical song concerning the king and his favorite, though it was only given for the amusement of a private supper party. In one of the police reports made to the king, in the year 1753, we are treated to a biography of Mlle. Le Duc, whose father, a Swiss porter, employed his leisure in the management of a wine shop. The details of her life before she captivated Clermont may have amused her splenetic sovereign, but would hardly bear repetition. Whether, as one diarist states, Clermont was fascinated by her as she laughed and joked at the bar of her father's wine shop, or whether, as another tells us, he was attracted by her pirouettes on the stage, is immaterial — though either would be equally significant of his mode of life. At any rate, the young lady suited his disposition so well that they never parted again. All the extravagance and dissipation he had indulged in with Camargo were repeated in a more exaggerated form, and the abbey palace was turned into a pandemonium.

This was the home in which Clermont's adopted son, young Billy, received his education, and where it is needless to say he was not exactly inculcated with the discipline of a Benedictine monk. At sixteen years of age he was appointed by Clermont to the command of a regiment, and left to join the army a thorough scamp, dreaming only of plays, ballets, and suppers, an accomplished musical *dilettante*, but proved himself brave and devoted to the service of the king. Two years of camp life did not diminish the attractions of the *coulisses* for young Billy, and Clermont decided that he should marry and reform. The fortunate person on whom the choice of the comte had fallen was the daughter of a treasurer of the Fleet, a Mlle. Mouffe, whose large dowry was to

gild the pill for Billy. Clermont put all his influence forward to bring the negotiation to a successful issue, but the watchful father would not be dazzled by the prospective advantages of the alliance, and instituted inquiries as to the career of the young profligate. In a series of letters, which have been preserved for the edification of posterity, Clermont apprises "Cupid," as he styled his adopted son, of the conception, growth, and ultimate failure of his plan. In these letters, which are chiefly written in the fashionable slang of the day — that then used in the harlequinades — Clermont entertains "Cupid" with accounts of the doings at the Château de Berny, of the hunts and plays of which life consisted there, and finally breaks to him the news of the collapse of the matrimonial plot. A pamphlet which had been drawn up for M. Moulfe by some friends, in which the record of the young aspirant to his daughter's fortune was set forth in detail, was the leading cause of this catastrophe.

Moulfe asserts [writes Clermont] that if you were to give up soldiering you would only return to the crapulous life you have always led, and either drag your wife into it or abandon her; that the only women whose company you frequent are of the worst character; that your companions are idiots and bandits; that your only aim is to live on other people, and that those who support you would be the first to suffer from your tricks. M. Moulfe consequently asks me to cancel the engagement, and I think that, rather than get into the law courts, where probably a great many things would come out which you would not like to be known, it is better for me to assent.

Such had been the fruits of the education of a young nobleman at the hands of a royal prince and an ecclesiastic, in the early part of the reign of Louis the Fifteenth. To console Billy for the loss of the dowry, Clermont endeavored to obtain for him the military order of St. Louis, but before the cross was pinned on his breast he died in camp, prematurely exhausted by his excesses.

In spite of his enormous income Clermont was unable to meet his liabilities, and was obliged to sell his Duchy of Châteauroux to the king, who bestowed it shortly afterwards on a fresh favorite. It is almost pathetic to note the penny-wise foolishness by which Clermont sought to retrench. While staying at Versailles he asserted a privilege as a royal prince to frank his letters; but Louis the Fifteenth, who resented on the part of his family even trivial abuses which he perpetrated

without compunction himself, compelled Clermont to pay the usual postage. Then Clermont set up a right to escape the *octroi* duty for eatables conveyed from his château to his town house. On one occasion, after a day's shooting, he ordered his steward to send some game into town for his supper. The official on duty at the *octroi* station, who happened either to be especially vigilant or out of sorts, detained the steward and laid hands on the game. When Clermont arrived at the station and heard what had occurred, he flew into a violent passion, and directed his groom to administer a sound flogging to the official, which we are expressly informed was applied with an English horsewhip. These economies of Clermont's did not extend to Mlle. Le Duc, on whom he squandered money more lavishly than ever. We are told that though he abstained from wearing a sword, he attired himself in the richest velvet, and wore a powdered periwig; while we have a graphic picture of Mlle. Le Duc, as she drove one day in the Bois in a new equipage which her protector had presented to her. The carriage is described as a barouche made of cane, painted blue, and mounted with silver. It was drawn by six ponies no bigger than dogs, with a postilion richly costumed in red and silver, with a blue plume in his hat, and a chasseur in blue and white with a shako ornamented with silver. Mlle. Le Duc held the reins, apparelled in a gown covered with diamonds, with her sister by her side; while in three succeeding chariots were her friends from the stage, dressed in her colors, blue and white. This exhibition was too much even for the public of that day, and Clermont was lampooned not only by the man in the street but in some verses written by the king himself. Though Clermont only devoted his energies to the prosecution of such frivolities as these, and was never able to persevere in any useful undertaking, he was not deficient in good instincts or worthier aspirations. At the age of twenty he showed his appreciation of the value of knowledge by forming an association, at whose meetings he often attended, and which consisted of several branches, including letters, art, science, and technical arts. Later in life his literary ambition induced him to become a member of the Academy.

The French Academy of Letters is one of the few institutions which survived the ancient monarchy without losing its prestige. It was suppressed by the Convention in 1793. Several of the Academicians



had died shortly before the Revolution who had not been replaced; eleven had emigrated and were proscribed; seven were imprisoned and three were guillotined; three committed suicide and two died of fright. The last president of the Academy was the Abbé Morellet, who, with eleven of his colleagues only, passed through the Reign of Terror unharmed. The Convention had decreed that every royal and aristocratic emblem should be erased from the Louvre. Morellet, with great presence of mind, surreptitiously removed eighty portraits from the Academy as well as its archives, and other documents, and saved them from the fate of the artistic and literary valuables contained in other portions of the palace.

The Academy was reorganized in 1795, and finally established on its present basis at the Restoration. Its influence on French literature varied considerably according to its constitution, and it only became a close republic of letters in the democratic days of our century. At its outset it was very powerful, and the Academicians were generally recognized as the arbiters of literary taste. French literature owes less, however, to the earlier Academicians than to the independent efforts of the great writers of the seventeenth century, who were only admitted within the sacred circle long after they had earned a claim to that distinction, and who wrought a change not only in the style of French literature, but in the spirit and education of the governing classes, which had not been paralleled before, and has never since been surpassed. Spelling remained for some time as erratic among them as it was in fashionable circles in England, but the ancient feeling that it was derogatory for a man of quality to occupy himself with literature, and the practice of looking on men of letters as parasites or jesters, was rapidly disappearing, and the tendency was setting in towards the opposite extreme. Nevertheless, long before 1662, when the Academy first obtained from Louis the Fourteenth a permanent domicile in the Louvre, and was placed under the direct patronage of the sovereign, it had shown its subservience by electing the mere nominees of ministers and grandees. It had excluded, on the one hand, Corneille, during the lifetime of Richelieu, because of the cardinal's jealousy of his eminent talents, and, on the other, it afterwards admitted a youth of seventeen, the Marquis de Coislin, because he was the grandson of Chancellor Seguier, who naively recom-

mended his election on the ground that he had "a taste for letters." Even Louis the Fourteenth dabbled in poetry, and submitted some of his compositions for the opinion of Boileau, whose reply is worthy of repetition. "Sire," said the poet, "there is nothing that your Majesty cannot do; your Majesty wished to make some bad verses, and your Majesty has succeeded." Men of quality sought entrance to the Academy and filled it to the exclusion of professional writers, so that Voltaire could eventually say that at the Academy "one meets dukes, marquises, churchmen, and, occasionally, men of letters." When a vacancy occurred, every section of society intrigued for its nominee, who often was a mere nonentity, and usually the court influence proved supreme. Yet on some rare occasions the Academy asserted its independence, as when it declined to elect the Duc de Maine, a youth of fourteen, a legitimized son of Louis the Fourteenth, and when it chose La Fontaine in preference to Boileau, who, despite his sarcastic criticism of his verses, was supported by the king. Almost the last communication of Louis the Fourteenth with the Academy was two years before his death, when the cardinal Academicians refused to attend the meetings, on the ground that the distinction of an armchair, which they maintained was due to their rank, was accorded only to the officials of the Academy. Louis the Fourteenth solved the difficulty by presenting the Academy with *fautenils* for the whole forty.

For some time after the death of Louis the Fourteenth the Academy continued to be dominated by the clerical and aristocratic tendencies of the past, the belief apparently being that by electing persons of high degree it added to its dignity and power. But clericalism in those days was not synonymous with religion, as the Academy might have perceived when it elected Cardinal Dubois, who boasted of his atheism, or the Abbé d'Antin, merely because he was the grandson of Mme. de Montespan. It had even come to the point that some families claimed to form an Academical dynasty. The Duc de Richelieu was elected at the age of twenty-four, his only literary compositions having been his love-letters to the daughters of the regent. Consequently towards the beginning of the eighteenth century the literary standard of the Academy fell to a low level. A poetaster, Moncrif by name, more famous for his dancing and singing than for his verses, was recommended for



election by Clermont, though the only work he had produced was a history of cats, and his reception was marked by an incident which might seem more appropriate to an assemblage of undergraduates than to that of the intellectual luminaries of France. While he was delivering his reception speech, some wag liberated a cat in the hall, which naturally began to miaow with terror, at which the audience burst into loud laughter and miaowed in unison. Moncrif, to add to his sorrows, was lampooned by the poet Roy, who, however, paid for his wit with a sound thrashing. Poor Roy was destined to the lash, for, having ventured to lampoon Clermont after his election, the prince had him unmercifully flogged in a public thoroughfare, and, to aggravate the insult, he had the punishment inflicted by a negro footman. Horse-whipping appeared to have been the method specially chosen by princes and noblemen to remind men of letters of their social inequality. On meeting Dancourt, a poet and actor, at supper, the Comte de Livry warned him: "Beware, my dear sir, if you show more wit than I do before the end of this repast, I shall give you a hundred strokes with my cane." The following extract from Comte d'Argenson's memoirs is more characteristic still of the peculiar contrasts and the political shortsightedness of the most brilliant society that ever existed. "Rousseau from Geneva," says D'Argenson, "an agreeable writer, but imbued with some philosophical conceits, has said that men of letters should take vows of poverty, liberty, and truth. This speech put the government against him, and being repeated in the private apartments of Versailles, the king exclaimed that he would do well to have Rousseau sent to Bicêtre. 'It would serve him right,' added the Comte de Clermont, 'if he received a good thrashing.'" Despite its admission of such mediocrities as Moncrif, or of personages like Clermont whose only recommendation was his rank, the Academy towards the middle of the eighteenth century was regenerated by the genius of Voltaire and the Encyclopædists, the men who had "some philosophical conceits," and who were soon to exercise such a paramount influence not on the Academy only, but on the history of the civilized world. The election of the philosophers was due chiefly to the intrigues of their patrons or patronesses, in whose *salons* great artists, men of science and of letters poured forth the stores of their intellectual wealth, and lesser

celebrities were petted and pampered in return for the charms of their conversation, or for a sonnet or a play in which the noble Mécénas was duly honored and flattered. The whole atmosphere of Paris was literally redolent of literature and poetry. It was a continuous ebullition of the mind; it was an epidemic which affected every class. The martial song which recently electrified the audiences of the *cafés chantants* was a revival of the methods by which enthusiasm was then aroused about every political event. Every ministerial or parliamentary decree, every piece of social gossip or scandal, was at once wittily commented on in verses which were set to a popular tune, and sung at public and private entertainments. In this way public opinion was formed and expressed. The literary activity which at the beginning of the eighteenth century found an outlet in England partly in the writing of political pamphlets, in France gave birth to an innumerable amount of poems and plays and songs; though, were it not that many of these works were bound by the best binders, and illustrated by the best artists, and are now on that account sought for by bibliophiles, they would long ago have been consigned to oblivion. But their authors while they lived, save for an occasional flogging or insult, had little to complain of, and meekly bore the inveterate disdain of men of quality for the plebeian, for the man who lived by his brains.

The peculiar relations between the patron and his literary dependent are graphically depicted in the journal of Collé. Collé himself never sought Academical honors, though he was better qualified for them than many an "immortal." One of his plays at least has kept the stage, "*Une partie de chasse de Henri IV.*," which he frankly confesses he adopted from Dodsley's "*King and the Miller*." The whole of Collé's journal is flavored with a cringing obsequiousness to his patrons, combined with a mean contempt towards the actors who appeared in his plays, but we may gather one incident from it which is an exception to the general rule. Together with some of the most distinguished men of letters of his acquaintance, Collé had founded a society called the Caveau, with the object of enjoying brilliant conversation over the pleasures of the table, and submitting for mutual criticism the new works which members had written. The meetings of the Caveau became so famous that some gentlemen of the court, bent on an hour's

amusement, made up a party to pay it a visit. When they arrived they found the members just sitting down to dinner, and they were politely asked to join them, an invitation which they haughtily declined, and they remained standing, plainly showing by their demeanor that they expected the company to begin at once to amuse them. They were rebuked for their insolence by complete silence, and they had to leave without enjoying the entertainment they had anticipated. Owing to this unpleasant incident the society gave up its meetings, and it was shortly afterwards dissolved. Some of Collé's plays were written for the theatre at Berny, where he saw much of Clermont, who treated him with good-humored familiarity. In one of these comedies Clermont thought fit to alter a scene or two. After having discussed the alteration for some time with the author, Clermont called it "our" play, then went on to speak of it as "my" play, and, by a simple process of delusion, finally assumed that he had written it all himself.

But we must now go back some years and show Clermont in a different light, and in circumstances which, though they may seem to be strangely at variance with his ecclesiastical character, still furnish an honorable episode in his life. To fight for their king had been from the earliest days of the monarchy the pride and privilege of the French nobility. But clerics (even lay clerics) were precluded from displaying their valor in the field, and with the exception of two cardinals they had obeyed this prohibition. The blood of the Condés tingled in the veins of Clermont, and he easily obtained a dispensation from the pope enabling him to join the army; but after a brief stay in camp he returned to the arms of his disconsolate Camargo, having merely succeeded in crippling himself by the costliness of his outfit and the extravagance of his entertainments under canvas. However, in 1744, when he served in Flanders under Marshal de Saxe, he started in earnest on his military career—at last the abbé had found an occupation congenial to his nature and worthy of his name. He literally revelled in the life. The smell of gunpowder suited him far better than the perfume of incense, and the swearing of his troopers more than the chanting of his choir. At the siege of Menin, of Ypres, and of Furnes, he fought like a lion, and General de Beauveau was killed by his side. An unfortunate accident, typical of the man, prevented him from gathering

his share of the laurels of Fontenoy. He had been unable to resist the temptation of relating his exploits to Mlle. Le Duc, and sprained his ankle while playing at battle-dore and shuttlecock with her at the château of Berny. When he returned to the camp he was laid up with a slight illness, and to this circumstance we are indebted for a quaint illustration of the customs of belligerents in those days. During his illness his tent was in an exposed position, and Marshal de Saxe sent to the Archduke Charles to supply him with a guard. The Austrian commander-in-chief not only granted the request, but added an extra body of cavalry to ensure Clermont's safety. When Clermont was well enough to move he sent one of his officers to apprise the marshal of the fact. The French general set off under the protection of an Austrian escort, and on reaching the marshal's tent he was dismayed to find that it was defended only by a guard of honor. Such was military etiquette in the eighteenth century; but these courtesies between princes in no way abated the terrors of war, or saved the people from being pillaged and oppressed both by friends and foes. For the next two years Clermont applied himself heart and soul to his military duties, and earned unqualified eulogies by their punctual discharge, and by his conduct in the field. In September, 1746, he was nominally entrusted with the carrying on of the siege of Namur, though Marshal Löwendal virtually directed the operations. "Sir," wrote Marshal de Saxe to Clermont towards the end of the siege, "my respect for your Serene Highness increases as you prove your zeal on behalf of the service of his Majesty; the skill and the spirit you display in conducting those interesting operations deserve my highest praise, and leave nothing to be desired." "To be praised by you," replied the prince, "gives me indeed a great opinion of myself." The fall of Namur was followed by the victory of Raucoux, where Clermont again distinguished himself, and Raucoux by the fall of Antwerp. At this stage of the campaign five royal princes, who were serving with Clermont, considered that they had done enough for fame, and returned to their pleasures. But Clermont stayed on. "It is but the princes who leave," he replied on being asked whether he too was going. "I remain." These words were retailed in the streets of Paris, and Clermont became the hero of the day. After the victory of Lawfeld, which still further contributed to his fame, Clermont had reached the turning point of his career,

that crucial period which occurs sooner or later in every life, when the crisis arises which tests the stuff of which a man is made. To him such an opportunity was now given. Berg-op-Zoom, the eighteenth-century Sebastopol, considered to be an impregnable fortress, was to be the next point of attack. The intoxication of success and the fumes of flattery had bewildered Clermont's brain, and had apparently caused him to regard himself as a great general. He was anxious to conduct the operations, and on hearing that they had been entrusted to Marshal Löwendal, he threw up his commission and retired from the army. Had he been content to bide his time, to serve under an experienced general, and make himself thoroughly conversant with the technicalities of his profession, he might have performed a creditable, if not a leading, part in the history of his country, and might have been spared much sorrow and humiliation in later years. But the vices and frivolity of his nature had only lain dormant for a while, subdued by the novelty of camp life and the excitement of personal danger. Before the end of the campaign he had already given evidence in some letters to his friends of the canker which had eaten into his soul, and which was bound to assert itself sooner or later with all its malignity. In one of these letters, which teem with trivialities, and the style of which defies description, he relates that he has purchased a pair of ravens the size of turkeys, that they are as black as moles, and are fighting with each other like devils. "I shall have to put a stop to their fighting at once," he says, "as it altogether prevents me from telling you much that is of greater importance—though I can assure you that this to me is quite important enough."

So Clermont returned to his château and his friends, to Mlle. Le Duc and her satellites, and for the next ten years was entirely engrossed by his passion for the drama, showing even more zest in the management of his theatre than he had evinced in fighting in the trenches of Flanders. Private theatricals had been for some time, and remained until the fall of the monarchy, the chief amusement and occupation of French society. Clermont's aunt, the Duchesse du Maine, a person remarkable for the smallness of her size and the greatness of her ambition, had always found time to take a leading part in the entertainments in her theatre at Sceaux, which were carried out on the most elaborate scale. Voltaire and his

friend, the Marquise du Châtelet, had been her constant guests, and the great philosopher not only wrote plays for her stage, but acted in them himself. To relieve the incurable *ennui* of the king, Mme. de Pompadour, who was an accomplished actress, danced in ballets, sang in operettas, and acted in comedies in the theatre at Versailles. Every great house in and near Paris had a stage of its own, where the ladies of the court, assisted by professional members of the craft, displayed their beauty and histrionic skill. In default of a Voltaire, Collé, Loujon, and other writers of less note, were constantly employed in writing operas, comedies, ballets, and burlesques for the theatre of Berny, where, under the personal direction of Clermont, they were performed by a company in which the leading parts were filled by Clermont's former officers, by Mlle. Le Duc and her old colleagues, while Clermont's *aides-de-camp* acted as supernumeraries. The demand for tickets for these performances became so irksome that Clermont, in the end, for the convenience of his friends, moved his company to Paris, and set it up in a house in the Rue de la Roquette, close to the present jail of that name. Compared with the *petites maisons*, where men of fashion indulged their frolics under the shelter of a supposed incognito, La Roquette may have been considered a modest establishment, though the word modest could hardly be applied to the performances on its stage or to the theatre itself, which was as luxuriously and lavishly decorated as the most coquettish boudoir. At Berny, Molière's, and Corneille's classical plays had occasionally furnished the programme, but at La Roquette it mainly consisted of burlesques of an obscene character. The fair leaders of society, wearing black masks to hide the blushes that probably never came, were furtively driven to La Roquette in dark-grey chariots, by coachmen and with footmen out of livery, to witness these performances from dimly lit boxes. We further learn that in them an actress from the opera assumed the part of Columbine, while that of harlequin fell to a descendant of the great Condé, a prince of the blood, the Comte de Clermont, the Abbé of St. Germain-des Prés.

But the day of retribution was at hand. Ten years of extravagance had played havoc with Clermont's income and resources, and in 1757, with ruin staring him in the face, he was compelled to close his theatre and dismiss his company. Unfortunately for him, and still more for

France, an important military command happened to be vacant at the time. France, through her alliance with Austria, had joined in the Seven Years' War, and had gratuitously involved herself in the task of fighting the greatest military genius of Europe. The Marshal d'Estrées had shown much experience and prudence in the Westphalian campaign of 1757, but in spite of his victory of Hastenbeck, was recalled and replaced by the Marshal de Richelieu, the favorite of the king and Mme. de Pompadour. Richelieu, on arriving at the seat of war, hastened, for reasons which have never been satisfactorily elucidated, to conclude the Convention of Kloster Zeven with the Duke of Cumberland, under which the allied armies were bound to disperse. Without waiting to see the Convention carried out, Richelieu left for another part of the scene of operations. Meanwhile, Marshal Soubise was ignominiously routed by Frederic the Great at Rosbach, and then the allies, elated with their success, repudiated the Convention. Richelieu was so ashamed of his carelessness that he asked for and obtained his recall. At this juncture Clermont applied to the king for the command of the army and it is impossible to decide which was the more astounding, the audacity of Clermont in making, or the criminal levity of the king in acceding to, the request. The vainglorious conceit of Clermont can only be ascribed to the demoralizing effect of his life, which blinded him to his incompetence as a general, and made him measure the capacity of his adversaries by that of his own set. He anticipated an easy progress from victory to victory, and looked forward to loot and plunder to retrieve his fortune.

Financially embarrassed as he was, he set out with a train of thirty-five post-horses, but on arriving at the seat of war he found the French army in a condition almost as hopeless as Falstaff's ragged regiment. He wrote to the king: "I find your Majesty's army divided into three classes. The first is above ground, and consists of stragglers and thieves, all of whom are tattered from head to foot; the second is underground; and the third in hospital." He then cynically inquires how he is to deal with the first of these classes, or whether he should wait until he joined the other two. As a matter of course Clermont was surprised by the enemy, and his best regiment cut to pieces. To make matters worse, he fell ill and found himself in the third category he had described to the king. For eighteen

days no orders were given, no measures were taken, and nothing was done to ensure the safety of his troops. When he recovered from a sort of lethargic stupor, the only idea he could conceive was to destroy his artillery and throw his ammunition into the water. His army of one hundred and fifty-seven thousand men met with a series of disasters, the result of his gross incapacity and negligence, and had dwindled down to eighty thousand, when at Creveld it came on the forces of Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, which were but half that number. When the battle began, Clermont was at dinner, eating somewhat sulkily off pewter, as his silver plate, for fear of accident, had been sent back to Berny. Orderlies came hurrying into his tent to ask for instructions; but the commander-in-chief would not be disturbed at his meal. The result need hardly be told. The rout of Creveld ranks second only to that of Rosbach; and yet when Clermont returned to Versailles his sovereign graciously forbore from alluding to his mishap, merely inquired after his health, spoke at some length about the town of Cologne, and the election of the new pope. But the public was less lenient, and scoffed at Clermont, and he was derided unmercifully in verse and song.

Henceforth he retired into private life, and only once again intervened in public affairs. The various parliaments of France had coalesced in opposition to the king, who had bidden them to sanction certain taxes which he desired to levy. All the princes of the blood, including Clermont, and with the single exception of the Comte de la Marche, drew up and signed a protest in support of the parliaments; but the king's will was law. The members of the parliaments were driven into exile or fined, and a new and more obliging judicial body was called into existence, with Chancellor Maupeou at its head, to sanction the wanton expenditure of the king. Clermont's share in this protest was the last manifestation of his better nature, the last flicker before the candle went out. A few weeks after this event, in 1771, he died, preceding the king to the grave by three years.

Unlike Louis the Fifteenth, who up to the last continued to dishonor his name and his crown, Clermont spent the concluding years of his life hiding his shame and remorse under the now silent roof of Berny. Ruined, broken in health, disheartened by the failure of his most cherished hopes, disgusted with himself and the world, he sought and found in com-

plete solitude, and in a bigoted attention to religious observances, if not a solace, yet a forgetfulness of his past. To set himself right with his conscience he went through a matrimonial ceremony with Mlle. Le Duc, or rather the Marquise de Tourvoie, as she chose to be called, from a small property Clermont had given her adjoining his own demesne.

To single out Clermont as an abnormal specimen of the caste to which he belonged would be unfair. A polished man of the world, but a libertine; a gallant soldier, but an incompetent general; a smart writer, but a sorry Academician; he was no worse if no better than others of his class, and fell a victim to the force of circumstances. It would be equally unfair to fasten the corruption of the governing classes on the country at large. The very exclusiveness of the aristocracy, the thralldom in which it held the crown and the government, its jealous guardianship of its privileges and immunities, its greedy monopolization of every resource and beneficence and of every important diplomatic and military post, its blind ignorance of the drift of public opinion, were as many causes of its decay as they were influences in promoting the energy and power of the *Tiers-Etat*, and in rendering imperative a drastic reform of the whole system of administration. To cleanse such an Augean stable, to save the tottering fabric of the French monarchy on the death of Louis the Fifteenth and reconstruct it in harmony with modern ideas of popular right, even an administrative Hercules might have been incompetent, how much more so a princeling reared under the eyes of a Du Barry, in an atmosphere vitiated by a century of prejudice, folly, and corruption. When the collision occurred between the governors and the governed the weaker vessel necessarily foundered, though it would have been better for the fair fame of France had it not gone down in a storm of violence and in a sea of blood. The revolutionary cyclone swept away most of the memorials of those now ancient times. Of the Abbaye de St.-Germain-des-Prés nothing is left but the church, shorn of its charterhouse and chapels. The broad and busy Boulevard St. Germain, with its many tributaries, passes over the site of the monastery, and its extensive pleasure grounds. Close by the church stands the Abbey Palace, a massive structure of the end of the sixteenth century, but dilapidated and unkempt, and inclosed by clusters of dismal lodging-houses. It is now the abode of clinical and elementary

schools, bric-à-brac dealers, and impoverished gentlemen. The house in the Rue de la Roquette was transformed into a warehouse, and in 1847 was pulled down to make way for municipal improvements. Berny and Tourvoie were marked out for the vandalism of 1793. A portion of a wing of the château still remains, but is disfigured by an uncouth plastering and a high chimney, and, to add insult to injury, it has been converted into a steam mill. The shrubberies, gardens, and ornamental waters have disappeared. In the avenue some trees linger on, but cattle sheds line the road. Berny grinds flour, and Tourvoie bakes bricks. Thus, mutilated and degraded, the larger and the lesser château are made to share the present struggle for life, and expiate in compulsory labor the frivolities of their past.

FERDINAND ROTHSCHILD.

From Temple Bar.

#### OUT OF THE DEEPS.

"THANK you, Miss Fawcett, that will do. Now Dr. James and I are going to consider about you, and then tell your mother how she is to help you to get well again."

There were four people in the room: Sir William Parton, the great doctor, his *confrère*, Dr. James, with whom he was met in consultation, Mrs. Fawcett, and the patient, her only daughter, Helen Fawcett, a girl of twenty-one.

The girl looked up nervously, inquisitively, with a tremulous fear in her face and voice.

"Am I — am I — very ill?"

Sir William looked at her face, at the shining eyes with the dilated pupils, the quivering, sensitive mouth, then he took both her hands in his, with a pity, which he did not show, in his heart.

"Not so ill as you might be, my child, but when we have finished our talk, and are going to tell Mrs. Fawcett how to take care of you, and prevent your doing yourself harm, we mustn't have you listening, for you are nervous enough to fancy you have every illness under the sun."

"Then I shall get well — soon."

"You must do as you are told, then," answered Sir William lightly, as he left the room.

Keen observer as he was, he did not notice how a more terrible fear had grown in the girl's eyes as she found he avoided



direct answers. She saw, if the truth were bad, it was no use to try to force it from between those thin lips, if their owner deemed it better concealed. She and her mother sat silent in suspense, as though each dreaded to hear the other speak, but when Mrs. Fawcett had been summoned to join the doctors, Helen burst out wildly to herself, "They are deceiving me, I know they think I shall die. Oh, God, I can't! I can't!"

She sat in that sickening, terrible dread, with her hands pressed tensely against her forehead. The moments seemed to drag out their slow length like hours, till she could bear it no longer. The resolve "I will know" was fierce in her heart; she stole softly to the smaller drawing-room on the other side of the staircase — the room opened into the boudoir where she knew her mother and the doctors were, and was screened from it by a heavy velvet curtain, through which Helen could hear — her mother's sobs.

Passionate and uncontrolled, and in them the girl knew her doom; but with the wild terror and anguish within her, there awoke a more piteous sorrow for her mother's grief, a love — oh, how dear! how near! — for that mother who must lose her, whom she must leave.

"No hope?" she heard Mrs. Fawcett ask in a broken, imploring tone, then Sir William's voice in answer, —

"I wish I could give it you, but the disease is so far advanced — she may live a little longer or a little shorter period than I expect."

There was a silence in the room, a death-like silence in the girl's heart as she listened; at last her mother spoke again, her voice kept resolutely quiet, —

"How long can she live?"

"A few months — six or eight, perhaps. Mrs. Fawcett, if you knew how I feel for you, you would not think me cruel; you must know the truth — if you wish to keep that poor girl with you as long as possible, she must not know it — you must keep her mind quiet and happy. Do you think you can?"

A faint sob that meant yes.

"And don't drag her from home; it can do no good — all the Madeiras or Egypts in the world won't save her, but quietness and freedom from trouble may give her a few weeks more — that is why she must not know."

"But she has hardly any cough," sobbed Mrs. Fawcett. "And people do live with consumption for years and years — I can't lose her — they do live."

"Not in cases like hers — I wish I could say otherwise."

Helen heard no more; the impulse to comfort her mother with the sad comfort of clinging arms and bitter tears was so strong, she felt she should yield to it, if she stayed. There seemed to be two Helens in her: the girl who felt the chill shadows of the valley of death closing round the life which had been so dear and fair, and the girl whose impulse was to help the mother who had no husband to help her bear her grief; whose only daughter she was. "What would she do without her — with no girl left, only the boys; one wrapped up in his wife and two children, the other away in India?" Helen knew her loss would break her mother's life; did she realize that the bitterness of death would have been yet worse, had she thought her dying would be no enduring pain to that mother?

She crept away silently. She met a servant on the staircase; her voice sounded strange and hollow to herself as she said:

"Tell mamma, when the doctors have gone, that I am so tired I have gone to lie down."

Then she went up to her room and locked herself in; as she turned round, she saw her face in the glass with a wild hopelessness in it. How ghastly it was, this face of a girl who had to die. She hid it in her hands, afraid to meet its look, and a dull stupor came over her — she was no longer able to realize this stern fate which faced her, veiled yet real.

At last she roused herself; one thing was certain: her mother must not guess that she knew this. Their last months together — at all events till the end drew very near — must be as happy, or rather as calm, as they could be. And Helen felt she could bear the darkness better alone, this strange darkness that had suddenly veiled the world. She feared even her mother's sympathy and sorrow; what help or healing could avail her?

There was only one help she yearned for, one hand, the touch of which could have made her brave; one voice, a loving tone of which could have given her courage, even if they had trebled her sense of passionate loss of sweet life.

As she thought this, she opened her locked dressing-case and took therefrom a framed photograph; for one minute she looked at it as though to draw life from it through her eyes, and then she kissed it wildly, closely pressing her poor dry lips against the cold glass, then holding it nestled against her cheek. It had many

a time been clasped close to her heart when she slept; she had looked at it so often and so long that she knew every faintest and finest line of the pictured face of this photograph, offered carelessly, accepted apparently as lightly, but treasured as some faint type or memory of the one who seemed to Helen Fawcett to be the whole meaning of her life.

"Helen dear!"

The girl did not know how long she had sat there; with a start, she replaced her treasure in its place, and opened the door to her mother. Mrs. Fawcett's voice trembled very slightly, but she acted well as she said,—

"Well, dear, why did you rush away? were you so frightened? You see, you needn't have been. You are to rest and not trouble, and get quite well again."

"Quite well," said Helen. "Really, mamma?"

"Yes," said the poor mother, not hearing the sad under ring in her daughter's voice, and loving to cheat herself in deceiving the child who was so dear to her. "I mean to cure you quicker than any doctors would; I always could, you know."

The girl leaned her head on her mother's breast and felt the almost convulsive closeness of her clasp with a strange throb half of self-compassion, half of pity for the tender, brave love which was so anxious at all cost to shield its object from pain, yet so helpless in the face of death.

Both women kept the bitter secret to themselves—with a self-repression which Helen had inherited from Mrs. Fawcett; and the latter never knew of the times when Helen—after feeling, as life went on as usual, that the words she had heard were a horrible dream—would realize with an impotent despair that they were true. She bore her pain silently, lest her mother should guess she shared the knowledge which made Mrs. Fawcett's life move on with a dreary unreality. It was nearly the end of July, the season was over, and once or twice Helen smiled sadly and bitterly to think how different the world had seemed to her in the spring, before she had known the meaning of the alternate fever and languor, which had grown on her in her own despite and her resolute determination to take no heed of them; had grown on her till her mother had insisted on her seeing doctors, to learn that what she had only looked on as a general lack of health was acute consumption, tubercular phthisis—it does not matter much under what name death is introduced to us.

Helen Fawcett's life had been pleasant always; but these last two years she had loved it so much, had clung to it so eagerly, had found sweetness in the aspects of it, which she had not been used to care for. Mrs. Fawcett had wondered why her once rather shy and reserved daughter had grown so fond of society, especially that of a certain set. True, she had developed into more attractiveness than she had promised in very early girlhood; despite her quietness there was a reality in her which gave charm to her brightness and refinement, and she was pleasant to look at, though neither beautiful nor pretty. The figure was slender, graceful, and delicate; the face, not very regular, was yet sweet, with its tender, true mouth and lustrous, hazel eyes.

Three or four days after the consultation, Mrs. Fawcett and her daughter were driving in the afternoon. Mrs. Fawcett had gone into one or two shops, while Helen remained in the carriage. They were stopping in front of a shop in Bond Street, and just as Mrs. Fawcett was re-entering the victoria, a young man passing, lifted his hat, then stopped and shook hands warmly.

"I thought you had left town," he said. "So many people have gone. I'm off myself next week."

"We are thinking of going somewhere soon," said Mrs. Fawcett. "Helen is not very strong, and we are trying to fix on some very quiet, mild place, where I can nurse her up—somewhere in the west of England, I think."

"Have you not been well?" he asked, turning to Helen. "You don't look ill." His voice was one of those which have the dangerous charm of expressing an earnest interest which the speaker may or may not feel, and his eyes sought the girl's face as he spoke, with a certain tenderness in the keenness of their glance. He was right, the girl did not look ill; her cheeks and lips had gained color, her eyes were deep and beautiful with a melancholy subdued into pathos as, despite her struggle, their gaze rested on his face.

"I am much better than I was," she said—she spoke of the present moment, which she had longed and hungered for, and yet which was slipping away so fast.

"No, I remember now," said Paul Beaumont. "I have not met you out lately. I hope you have not been very ill."

How his voice touched her!—unconsciously cruel as the words were, in spite of the interest, warm and real, even if only momentary, of the last sentence. She

looked at the clear-cut face she knew so well, yet which ever seemed to hold a dearer secret of beauty when her eyes again beheld it. It had never meant so much to her as it did at that moment, a vision of all life would be to some other woman. It might have been hers if — No, he never had cared, he never would have cared for her. All this passed through her mind as her mother answered Mr. Beatoun's inquiry, —

"Oh, no! she will be all right soon."

A few more words, then he held out his hand. "Well," he said, "it is good-bye for some time, I suppose — till the winter."

"Yes," said Helen. "Till the winter, good-bye."

She longed that her mother should ask Paul Beatoun to come and see them before they left town; but Mrs. Fawcett was far too engrossed with the one thought of Helen to think of doing so. He was charming and clever and handsome enough, this young man of whom some prophesied much when he should have learnt his own power. Mrs. Fawcett liked him, but just now he had no interest for her; she could not know that when Helen was once more in her own room alone, she paced restlessly up and down in misery. "Good-bye till the winter." Had it meant "good-bye forever"? — that the touch of his hand, which still stayed with her, which made her treasure the glove she had then worn, was the last she should ever feel?

They were hardly friends, at all events not great ones, she and Mr. Beatoun. Most likely he never gave her a thought unless they were in the same room, not very often then; but all her life had grown to be the thought of him; sleeping or waking, even when she thought she was dwelling on other people or things, "his strong idea" possessed her entirely, passionately, as it had done these two years. If Mrs. Fawcett gave a dinner or dance to which he was asked, Helen spent the time till his answer came in a sickening suspense, and then tried, even if he accepted, to school herself into the belief he would not come, so as to prevent the disappointment, if he did not, being cruelly sharp — a self-discipline utterly without effect, as had been proved to her cost once or twice. She never went to any gaiety without the vague, subtle hope "he may be there," or the dreary certainty "he will not." Without him all life was

as naked

As a coroné without the stones.

LIVING AGE. VOL. LXX. 3035

Yet in spite of this folly, madness — whatever you will — ruling her life, she knew Paul Beatoun could never guess what he was to her, or the strange intensity of emotion which possessed her in his presence, from her quiet manner. She had not the instinct of allurements belonging to many women, by which, without unmaidenliness or lack of refinement, they can as by magnetism draw the man they wish to win to their sides; she felt and owned the lack in herself, though she could not have defined it. Her love made her shy, almost cold in her manner to Paul Beatoun; sometimes, indeed, she felt less nervous, but then a frank friendliness, which seemed strange to herself, was all that appeared.

Here was the bitterness of death, the knowledge which lent the sharpest pang to its nearness. He would not forget her, for she would never be to him even a memory. If she had ever held any vague, dear hope, too sweet to lay bare even to her own gaze, that was dead now. Helen knew that when she died Paul Beatoun would be rather shocked, would say, or think, "Poor thing!" and perhaps sigh. The French verse she had read years ago rang bitterly now in her ears: —

Au banquet de la vie, infortuné convive,  
J'apparus un jour, et je meurs;  
Je meurs, et sur ma tombe, où lentement  
j'arrive,  
Nul ne viendra verser des pleurs.

Oh! she wanted no one but him to remember her!

Through the golden autumn days, as her strength slowly burnt out in that restless fever which was consuming her life, the longing and aching to see him grew worse and worse. She did not know where he was, or what he did, and the feeling that she should be nearer hearing of him in London made her crave to return there sooner than had been intended, so the beginning of October found her and her mother once more in town. Helen had grown worse during the autumn months; the traitor colors which might have been taken for "beauty's ensign," but which were in truth the herald of "death's pale flag," hid, even from her mother, part of the change. But she was far thinner, more restless, and more irritable than was her wont, and often, though not always, she realized how short her span of life was growing. She had looked death so steadily in the face now, that it seemed the dreadful countenance grew gentler; the old mad fear had left her, though it

returned at times, but still Paul Beatoun's face filled her dreams by night, her thoughts by day. To die and be forgotten! The pain of the thought was as keen as ever; all her life had been his, though he did not know it, and he would never think of her—she was nothing to him! She told herself she did not now wish to be first with him, but she wanted to be in his life, not to fade utterly into the past.

So an idea came to her, repulsed at first, yet returning ever and again, each time more strongly, and dwelling longer with her as autumn crept on to winter, and she grew weaker. "He could never guess the truth," she thought, "if I did it, and I know I have so little time."

She was lying on the sofa one chill November day—for the last few days one of those strange revivals of vitality, which all know of in cases like hers, had made poor Mrs. Fawcett hope against hope that her darling was really better; given back to her, perhaps, from the grave, and there was a glad tone in her voice as she now entered the room with a large bowl of violets, which she placed on a table near the girl's side.

"Are they not lovely, Helen?" she asked.

Helen roused herself. "Yes," she said. "Mother, darling, do you know I think it is bad for us both, seeing so few people. I shall never get well unless I think I am so; and I feel so much better and stronger, I want to be gay."

Mrs. Fawcett looked both surprised and alarmed.

"I don't know what you mean, dear."

"I want to begin to really show I am getting well," said Helen. "You know I am, and so I wish you would ask one or two people to dinner on my birthday, next week."

"Helen, dear, don't think of it. You are not strong enough for anything of the sort."

"I am strong enough for that," said Helen, a strange resolve in her voice. "I do want it, mamma, and you must let me have my own way. I have been good and obedient so long." She went to her mother and took her head between her thin, slender hands, and kissed her in a caressing, playful manner to hide the real earnestness that possessed her. "Do, madre," she implored. "You know, if I do not feel well enough, I need not come down. But I shall, you are curing me so fast."

"I will ask Dr. James," began Mrs. Fawcett.

Helen made a face. "No," she said; "please don't, though I am sure he would tell you I might; but I want my own way. Indeed, I will be careful."

"Whom would you like asked?"

Helen named three or four people, then paused for a moment, as reflecting.

"We want a young man," she said.

"Let me have the address-book, mamma. We will have the first we come to. 'A.' No, there is no 'A,' except young Arbuthnot, and he is away with his people. 'B.' Yes; here is Mr. Beatoun."

"I don't know if he is in town," said Mrs. Fawcett; but she wrote the note.

Mr. Beatoun was in town, and accepted.

The fitful fire which had flickered up in Helen's dying lamp of life for the previous week burnt brightly enough to deceive most of Mrs. Fawcett's guests on the evening of the small dinner-party, which to the hostess seemed like a ghostly memory of such parties in the past. Excitement, nervousness, and the fever of her disease, gave Helen that night a vividness she had never had in health. Paul Beatoun was struck, when he saw her, by the strange beauty of her eyes, the brightness of her face and talk. He took her down to dinner, and they seemed to drift back into memories of different times when they had met. A new sympathy sprang up between them, a personal nearness Helen had never felt before.

Later on in the evening, they were talking of an artist just dead, a young sculptor of promise.

"Do you know that statuette by him, mother has in the boudoir?" Helen asked Mr. Beatoun.

"No; I should like to see it. Would you show it me?"

Six months ago she would never have dared to use the transparent ruse, far less avail herself of its success, for fear both of his perceiving it, and of other people doing so; she was careless of all this tonight, or rather she had nerved herself to gain one object at all costs. She rose, saying to her mother, "I am going to show Mr. Beatoun the Fate," and went into the boudoir, followed by Paul.

"I wish he had had time to work at the large statue," she said; "it would have been very fine."

"This is fine," the young man answered, gazing at the figure; only the small rough model for the statue that would never now live in marble.

"He told us it was only a study," she said. "He wanted to do a group from that chorus in the 'Atalanta.'"

"Love between Fate and Death; yes," he said musingly. He looked at the girl by him, and some strange sadness in her eyes struck him like the sudden touch of a cold wind. A dreamy melody, that was being played in the drawing-room, came softened to their ears; the only light in the room was a crimson glass lamp, that shed a hectic glow over Helen's face and her dress of misty white. Paul Beatoun, looking at her, perceived, with a certain shock, how very slight she was, how thin the hand which rested on a dark claret velvet table.

"Mr. Beatoun," she said, suddenly and simply, "I wonder if you would understand a wish I have."

Some note of pathos in the sweet voice, some unconscious appeal in the eyes, touched the young man to a vague new feeling. "Try me," he said earnestly, leaning towards her. There was that in his look, which some time earlier would have seemed to her as the vision of a possible heaven, and even now it struck a quick gladness through her, though there was no longer any hope.

"You know I am very ill," she said at last.

"You have been, but you are better now, are you not?"

"I am dying," and then she told him all; how little life remained to her.

He looked at her with a strange sorrow and astonishment. "It can't be true," he said. "It is too horrible!"

"No," she said, "I don't think I fear it now." Then there was a long silence.

"If I could help you!" he said at last, in a choked voice. "How can you be so brave?"

"I am not brave," she answered. "I was frightened at first—oh, you don't know!" and she gave a long, shivering sigh at the memory of her dark hours.

"But somehow now the dread seems to have died; I pray it may not come back. There is one thing——"

"What?"

"I can't bear to be forgotten," she said, with a cry in her voice. "All the people I have known, the life that has been so pleasant, it will all go on when I am dead, and no one will ever think of me again. I want to be remembered, not only by the friends who knew me, but by people like you, whose lives have only just touched mine, but helped to make it bright."

"I shall never forget you," he answered, with a quiver in his tone; this man who had not once remembered her from the day they had bidden good-bye in Bond

Street, till three or four days ago, when he had received Mrs. Fawcett's note asking him to dinner.

"Yes," she said, "you will, but I wish you and other people"—she felt ashamed in her soul of that falsehood, knowing she only cared for his thought of her—"to just think of me now and then, and so I want to give you something, a book or sketch, which has been mine, that will remind you sometimes for a moment——"

She looked at his face with a sudden terror lest her words should have told any hint of her secret to him. Oh! how she loved him! the full sense of all her love seemed to crowd on her at that moment with shame lest he should read it. She wished she had never asked him this.

"If you will!" he said. "I shall value it—you do not know how dearly. But I should not need it to remember you; you cannot think that."

"Thank you," she answered; she gave him her hand with a quick impulse she regretted the moment after; he put it to his lips, a hot tear fell on it, which Helen started to feel.

"He did care a little," she thought as she laid her tired head on its pillow that night, "and he will not quite forget me—always."

Helen was asleep when Mr. Beatoun called two days later, and she did not see him again through the dark December days. If she had known the truth, she would have learnt he longed to come, but did not, for fear she should think he misinterpreted her request. He wondered once indeed, if this girl, whom he had always liked, but who had never till the other night made his pulses beat more quickly, had given him any thought of her heart. The very frankness of her wish proved her innocent and worthy of far better love than his; had he unwittingly done her the wrong of teaching her to care for him? He was not worth the love of a girl like her, he thought, but he knew that women give their love generously as the dew, without thinking if that which it rests on be fit for such treasure. If she had, he had been a fool; an impulse seized him to seek her, and ask her if even now it were too late, and then he told himself that it would be an insult to her confidence in him, to let this be the end, to read her wish thus. But, if she had cared for him, why was her feeling for him only to work her pain? If Helen had met him in another world, where spirits can read each other's eyes, he would have known that her love had been the dearest



treasure of her life, and that she would have answered with Donatello, when Miriam asked him what he had gained worth his lost riches of happiness and careless freedom from thought: "This burning pain in my heart, for you are in the midst of it."

Through December Helen's strength failed suddenly and rapidly, and she nerved herself to the accomplishment of her wish, feeling that any day might find her without the power to carry it out unaided and alone. Christmas eve had come, the quiet afternoon was stealing into dusk, and the gas lamps shone outside through the misty frostiness of the air, as Helen, leaning back on the sofa, laid down her pen on the table near her with a sigh of fatigue. Mrs. Fawcett had gone out for a short drive at her daughter's earnest persuasion; she seldom left Helen now, seeing, as she did, how the girl's face had grown strange of late even to her, her mother, who knew and loved it well. Helen had chosen her brief solitude to write the note which accompanied a small brown paper package:—

"DEAR MR. BEATOUN,—

"I asked you and others of my friends to keep a small thing which might bring me now and then to remembrance, and I don't know how much longer I have to live—it can only be a very short time—so I send it now as a Christmas present, a greeting and a good-bye.

"Sincerely yours,

"HELEN FAWCETT."

She folded and enclosed it, then suddenly her head dropped on her hands with one long sob.

The longing she had had to do this thing was appeased, her prayer to Love, her lord, was granted, yet she could not say *Nunc dimittis*. Suddenly all her young life, grown so feeble, seemed to gather itself into one passionate struggle against that cold tide of death, creeping up ever higher round her to drag her down from the life which was his whom she loved, which would still be his when she was dead. If she could have done him ever so little good, it would have been less hard to die, but her love had been vain and useless, as useless as her life. Out of the deeps of her love and her pain and the awful shadow of death, there had come that pitiful cry not to be wholly forgotten when she was dead; which had found expression in her poor little gift to Paul Beatoun. Out of the deeps now came the impotent voice pleading for help where

help there could be none, but from that darkness and that loneliness of agony was uttered also a tenderer and intenser desire: "Oh, that he shall be happy, that his life shall be sweet and noble to the end; that he may fulfil himself."

The cold, short note she had written to Mr. Beatoun showed nothing of this, any more than it said the framed sketch sent with it was the one on which Helen's eyes had best loved to dwell, so that she liked to think his would rest on it; or than it told the unuttered thought: "Will he come here to say he has had it? I do want to see him once more, only once more."

The days dragged on, but brought no answer. Mrs. Fawcett knew nothing of her child's Christmas gift, she never learnt of the weary, wistful waiting of those days, of the question which filled the girl's heart, "Has he guessed, and despises me, so that he will not answer?"

She struggled to appear better than she was, in the dread of not being able to see him if he came, but the poor effort had to be given up, and she could no longer come down stairs, and the rooms which had once been so bright with her presence, seemed to her mother silent and lonely with the silence of death itself; knowing, as she did too surely, Helen would never enter them again.

There was this dreariness lingering over the whole house this evening, the last of the year, as Mrs. Fawcett went up to Helen's room, where the girl lay, a strange shining in her eyes, a fixed color on her cheeks.

"I don't like to leave you, dear," Mrs. Fawcett said, "but would you miss me if I go round to the evening service? I shall only be half an hour."

"Do go," the girl answered faintly. "Pray for a happy new year, dear—for us all."

The mother could not speak, the choking tears were too near her eyes; she only bent down to kiss the thin cheek.

So Helen was left alone, her eyes gazing into the red depths of the fire, an aching, passionate bitterness of regret and shame in her heart. Why had he never answered? Had he read the reason of her request? that the reason she wished him to hold her memory was that she loved him with a love as strong as death?

"A letter, Miss Helen."

She knew the handwriting, seldom as she had seen it. She would not open it before the quick, curious eyes of the maid who had brought it to her, but her hand

kept it close as with a secret caress, till the servant had left the room, then she opened it slowly with a tenderness for the seal his hand had impressed, the paper it had touched.

"December 31.

"DEAR MISS FAWCETT,—

"I am only just back from my father's in Warwickshire, where I have been for Christmas, and found your note and the sketch awaiting me here. What you must think of my never having thanked you, I am afraid to think. I will not take the sad meaning of the gift, for I believe and hope you will live to gladden us. I am writing this hurriedly, with the wish that this may be a glad new year to you; as glad as it will be to me, if it see you win back health.

"May I come and see you to-morrow? If I do, I hope I shall find you better than when we said good-bye last. Yours ever,

"PAUL BEATOUN."

She knew there was no new year for her, yet life held some gladness for her still; the hope of his voice, his eyes, the touch of his hand, and she went to sleep that night, a happy hope in her heart.

But that hope was never realized. When Paul Beatoun called, she was far too ill to see him, hæmorrhage had come on, and the frail life had no power to resist it. A few more days and Helen was dead, her secret still her own, though half divined, with a reverent tenderness and sadness, by the man who had so unconsciously possessed her life.

Had she sinned against the sweet instinct of maidenliness in her desire that her memory should be something more than a cipher to the man she loved; or may one judge gently her piteous device that when his eyes fell on the sketch she gave him, it might wake a faint remembrance of herself?

Her judgment and her plea are written in the same words—she loved Paul Beatoun.

ETHEL EARL.

From Murray's Magazine.

#### A QUIET CORNER OF NORMANDY.

ON the north bank of the Seine, some twenty miles above Havre, there stands a small town named Caudebec-en-Caux. A very small town; indeed, Caudebec is only redeemed from pure villagehood by its possession of a mayor and sous-préfet; and it is only in deference to an inexplicable theory cherished by the inhab-

itants that I venture to draw attention to it at all. This dream—we will call it a dream, if you please—is, that a most brilliant future awaits Caudebec; that it will one day blossom into a summer resort not only of tourists but of Parisians; that it shall become a haunt of fashion before whose attractions Dieppe shall pale and Trouville fade away; that palatial hotels and casinos shall spring into life, and be forever thronged by wealthy visitors whose advent shall raise each indigenous Caudebecian to affluence. Let us, ere this brave dream be realized, see Caudebec as it is.

The lethargic sanctity of the spot may be invaded either by railway or by river; the latter for choice, as the branch line from Barentin has been but recently opened for traffic, and the rate of progress adopted by our train is almost majestic in its deliberation. From Rouen, moreover, whence most of our visitors come, the river route is for its own sake preferable; the four hours spent on the little paddle steamer Chamois as she follows the tortuous bends of the Seine, is all too brief amid the varying beauties of the Norman scenery. But we cannot linger over La Bouille, romantic Jumièges, and snug Duclair; we must press on to our destination, where patience and ambition sleep hand in hand.

Seen from the deck of the Chamois, Caudebec is a compact, grey little town, nestling between a crescent of forest-clad hills and the river. Above the high-pitched roofs rises the stunted spire of the famous church, its chief attraction; a spurious air of importance is imparted by the long wharf which binds the river-bank, and by the ancient steam-ferry, which with much gratuitous bell-ringing and whistling is, at the moment of our arrival, about to cross to the opposite shore freighted with two peasants and a cow. By the way, it may interest some to learn that the control of this steam-ferry is in the hands of a Scotch engineer, who fell upon such a career, I know not how.

It was low water when the Chamois arrived, and a battered old wherry propelled by one oar worked over the stern by a battered old boatman, came off to land passengers; and I, the only one for Caudebec, soon found myself on a sloping quay covered with a deposit of tenacious mud. From this, my person and baggage were rescued by the messenger of the Hôtel de la Marine. There were three men in attendance, representing the various hotels; but the Marine envoy wore no

boots and therefore secured the prize the mud made inaccessible to his competitors. It must not be inferred that the visitor has to encounter here that overwhelming onslaught of touts we all know and hate so well at more civilized places. On the contrary, the emissaries of the Caudebec hosteleries press their offers upon you diffidently, even timidly, as though fearful lest you should take them at their word.

My guide took a portion of my goods, and, shouldering the rest myself, I followed him up the quay and across the road, into the stable yard which forms the *entrée* to the best hotel. At the initial stage of its career the Marine had been a farmhouse, and evidences of its humble origin were writ large at every turn. A broad, tiled passage, which ran through the basement from front to rear, was now utilized as the larder; joints of meat, nets of vegetables, corpses of rabbits and poultry hung in profusion from the low ceiling, each item leaving its distinctive and indelible mark on the hat of the unwary. Ducks and fowls dotted the floor, scarcely attempting to move until a large British boot threatened imminent danger; while a goat rested in a pensive attitude on the carpetless stairs.

Gently displacing this last obstacle, my conductor led me to the bedroom accommodation on the upper story; it was limited, but, at present at all events, more than sufficient, for as my bare-footed cicerone laid down my property in the passage, he waved his hand towards the row of doors with comprehensive hospitality.

"The chambers," he said, "are now all empty; all of them. Will monsieur please to make his choice."

It was a pleasant way of doing things, and I readily undertook to suit myself; and having, quite unwittingly, purchased the awkward reputation of a rich tourist, by the munificent gift of half a franc, I dismissed the porter. Half the bedrooms overlooked the stables in front, and the rest permitted the occupants to feast eyes (and nose) on the populous hen-yard at the back; I weighed the respective advantages attending proximity of horses and poultry, and having decided in favor of the former, chose a front apartment, and, without more ado, carried in my goods. The room I had selected was large and low, and scrupulously clean; but it bore the stamp of extreme old age. The tiled floor represented a miniature Sussex Downs; a softly curved ridge ran from the door to the right window, betraying the existence below of a distorted beam; advancing

along this, you observed on your right front a bold, downward sweep, at the bottom of which a wardrobe leaned against the wall; an undulating valley on the left was occupied by an antique and spacious bedstead; beyond that the ground rose abruptly to give access to a cupboard. The furniture was limited in quantity, and sadly decrepit; comprising three modern chairs, a sofa of uncertain age, and a washstand; the last was the only article in the room that stood on an even keel, having been judiciously planted astride the ridge aforesaid. A grateless cavern, standing out into the room, contained a cartload of firewood, but the muffled cooing of pigeons in the wide chimney seemed to suggest that their convenience had for long been undisturbed by a lighted fire.

I put things in order and set forth to explore. The hotel was very quiet; save for the crooning and quacking of the poultry in the passage down-stairs, there was no sign of life. I looked for the smoking-room, the drawing-room, and the reading-room, in vain; the only apartment that in any way represented those adjuncts of civilization was one with a billiard-table in the centre, and a wilderness of folded iron bedsteads leaning against the walls. I went down-stairs, where I encountered a very small maid, carrying a bundle of linen, and she invited me into the kitchen where she was ironing clothes. It was not the *cuisine* now, she explained; since the new annex had been built, madame used it as a laundry and storeroom, but monsieur might sit there if he pleased to smoke; presently, without doubt, he would visit the café and grand *salle-à-manger* in the annex.

The handmaiden spoke of these additions to the hotel with such 'bated breath, such respectful awe, that my curiosity was roused, and, bidding her adieu, I went, on the plea of getting my dinner. The dining-room was a commodious apartment, forming the upper part of the new building; the ground floor was occupied by the café, which abutted on the public road. The latter was commonplace and uninteresting; but in that *salle-à-manger* I found most patent the links which connect the Caudebec of the simple past with the Caudebec of refined to-day.

The largest table was surrounded by farmers in blouses, who plied their knives and forks with the energy of vigorous health. They confused the functions of napkin and pocket-handkerchief with almost ostentatious simplicity, but the courtesy of the reception they gave me threw

this and many other trifling eccentricities into the shade. I found that I might dine with my hat on and violate no rule of etiquette; nay, had my boots been uncomfortable, it had caused no surprise to have taken them off and placed them on the vacant chair by my side. The table arrangements harmonized with the company; the linen was spotless, but salt-spoons and pepper-casters were seemingly unknown, and the orthodox French custom of providing but one knife and fork for the whole meal obtained in its entirety.

There is a piquant uncertainty about the routine of dinner at the Marine, which originates in an idea held by madame, who presides in the kitchen, that the sequence in which the various courses are sent up is a detail of the smallest moment. Thus, if soup does not appear at the beginning of the entertainment, it will arrive before the dessert, and fish most frequently takes its proper place in the animal world and follows the mutton. It is a little startling at first, but it is surprising how soon one gets used to it, and how little real difference it makes in the end. There is, moreover, a dubiousness about the length of interval between the removal of one dish and the arrival of the next, which is attributable to the multifarious duties discharged by Auguste, the waiter, and even in greater degree, to the capricious behavior of the dish-lift. The thought that I am roughing it in the home of the primitive Norman, reconciles me to such delays as are occasioned by the former; no one grumbles less than I do when, for instance, Auguste has to stop handing round a dish, and run down to the stable to harness a horse. But the other cause of detention is born of madame's eagerness to tread on civilization's heels, and I regard its results with a less lenient eye.

You must know, that when the enterprising wife of the owner of our hotel built this new addition to the premises, she went in for modern improvements, and had a dish-lift constructed, connecting the kitchen with the room above. As she has often explained, it was intended to ensure rapidity of service, and save Auguste much journeying up and down stairs; the purpose was excellent, but the execution of madame's design left much to be desired. The carpenter who engineered the contrivance, had never made such a thing before, and his maiden effort has not turned out an unqualified success. Over and over again, when my impatience for the long-delayed chop or omelette has just been allayed by the rumble of the rising

lift, there is an ominous squeak and clattering of ropes; which mean that the lift has stuck midway with that chop on board. Then does Auguste, muttering something that sounds like *sacré*, fly from the room and descend to the kitchen; soon I hear a curious scuffling noise, and excited voices, which denote that Auguste is trying to push up the lift with his shoulder, under torrents of advice from madame and Marie. Anon there is momentary silence, followed by a sonorous thumping; which imply that Auguste has been thrust aside, and that madame is at work with the broom-handle. Madame is a stalwart woman, and muscular withal, so when I hear this I possess my soul in patience and watch eagerly the recess where the lift will appear. I am soon rewarded; a loud, despairing thump is followed by a groan and roar as of a train crossing a bridge; the lift jerks into sight with a bound, and shoots its cargo out on the floor in reckless triumph. Re-enter Auguste, flushed and dishevelled, to collect the salvage and explain; the latter, by the way, he prefers to do first.

I have called Auguste the "waiter," but feel that the definition does him grave injustice. Only a small portion of his well-filled time is spent tending us at meals in his livery of black calico sleeves and blue apron. In reality, he is a man of all work; all things by turns and nothing long. He cleans the boots (when there are any), knives, and crockery; sweeps the passages and stairs; feeds and slaughters the live-stock, and runs errands. Four times a day he doffs his apron, and harnessing a horse of the Third Empire to a 'bus dating from the days of the first consul, goes through the formality of driving up to the railway station to meet visitors. He is a character in a small way; always busy, and always obliging, he will leave any job undone to do another for you, and abandon that unfinished to begin a third for somebody else; intensely communicative, deplorably dirty, and obedient to imbecility. His command of words is something terrible; he can take five minutes to tell you what o'clock it is, and another ten to warn you that the Caudebec clocks are not always right; talking hard all the time. He wears no linen—fortunately—and his hands are in perpetual mourning for the soap they have never known. He confessed to me once, that in summer he had not leisure for his *toilette*, and in winter it was ah! so cold. Auguste sleeps under the kitchen table at night, and on the beds he makes, during

the day. His reverence for an order is profound. When I took up my quarters at the Marine, I impressed upon him that under no circumstances were my papers to be disturbed; and he promised that my valued instructions should be obeyed. They were. I make a practice of tearing scroll sheets in half and throwing them on the floor to be swept away; Auguste swept round them; I tore them smaller, and scattered them with a free hand. Auguste laid aside his broom altogether, and justified this act of self-denial by quoting my orders, when I called him to account. His anxiety to sweep that room, he said, had consumed him; but what could he do when monsieur's orders were ever before his mind? I explained; he listened; and now we have come to an understanding, whereby odd scraps and stray articles are carefully stowed in a corner to be sorted before removal. He is full of thought for his friends, and as I bask in the warmest sunshine of his favor, the little attentions I receive are numerous. When the fruit at breakfast is running short, and I do not appear punctually, the loving Auguste will abstract the ripest pear and conceal it until I come.

"Monsieur will not eat *those*," he says confidentially; "I have reserved for him an excellent pear elsewhere."

And with a cautious look round to see that no one detects the secret favor he confers, he produces from some mysterious pocket beneath his apron a warm and pulpy fruit, blazed with unmistakable finger-nails. I receive it gratefully, and tell Auguste I will keep the pear "to eat afterwards."

Monsieur le Propriétaire is a cipher in the direction of affairs. He is a burly, apoplectic-looking man, with a slowly rolling eye, who passes a contented life on the sofa in the café, smoking, eating, and thinking by turns. He is hunted into the stables on market day to help with the horses, but otherwise he pursues the thoughtful tenor of his way, undisturbed and undisturbing.

It is madame who watches over us. She reigns, as I said before, in the kitchen, where she does all the cooking herself, and does it extremely well. Madame is the working partner; she arranges the terms, makes out the bills, takes the money—and keeps it. She is a kindly woman with a careworn scarlet face, suggestive of fires and stewpans; she works nearly as hard as Auguste, but like him can always spare time for a chat with any one who pauses at the kitchen door. It

was madame, in fact, who in the course of one of our earlier conversations, let me into Caudebec's great secret; and I could not fail to see that this was the great day-dream of her life.

"We look," she said, a little sadly as it seemed, "to see Caudebec take a place with Dieppe and Trouville. We have beautiful country, and our much-admired church. Monsieur will find here every comfort and most reasonable terms. The most — Ah, pardon!" And madame, whose watchful eye has detected a goat surreptitiously devouring cabbage in the corner of her kitchen, vanishes abruptly. She gives an amiable smile and nod as she goes, repeating once more "*très raisonnables*."

And her terms are reasonable beyond dispute. For five francs a day she will give you the best of country fare and abundant fruit, with lights, baths, and the ministrations of Auguste thrown in. Thus madame labors to promote the prosperity of her native place; and with a certain measure of success; for of the crowds of Britons who visit Normandy every year, a large proportion spend at least twelve hours at Caudebec; but no longer, alas! There is nothing to amuse them here; and they soon discover that the most striking characteristic of the little town is the evenness and profundity of its repose. The industry chiefly pursued is that of tanning, whose resulting odor hangs over us like a pall, and earns a welcome by smothering the less fragrant exhalations of which we possess a large and varying assortment. The streets of Caudebec are ill-paved and irregular; a short length of nineteenth-century erection comes to an unexpected end, and meanders off in a labyrinth of narrow lanes, whose mediæval overhanging houses almost meet at the topmost stories and defy the noonday sun. In these the residents faithfully cling to the manners and customs of a bygone age. The six-foot roadway is everybody's ash-pit; the reeking gutter in the middle, every housewife's sink. It is the Norman town of three centuries ago; but a kindly twilight ever reigns there, veiling nauseous detail, and throwing into shadowy relief angular, black-beamed antiquity tottering beneath the weight of time.

Caudebec bases its claim to public consideration upon its ancient and beautiful church; upon a curiosity shop where old oak is the staple stock in trade; and upon the periodical visitation of the "masca-ret," or tidal wave of the Seine. Against



these allurements must be placed in overwhelming array the facts, that there are no bathing or boating facilities of any kind, no fishing, and no place of interest in the neighborhood (save one) which cannot be more conveniently reached from elsewhere. There are certainly the beautiful walks and drives required by the guide-book man, but they lead nowhere in particular, and most demand a talent for climbing steep hills.

Yet Caudebec would fain be a summer resort! One day it will wake up and laugh at its ambitious dream.

We have a share of the tourists' patronage, but our visitors come only to go again. I have seen them smile and exchange glances when madame recapitulated her terms, and hinted broadly at a great reduction if Messieurs les Voyageurs proposed to remain *longtemps*. Thirty-six hours satisfies the majority; in that space of time they have skimmed the scanty cream of Caudebec, and are beginning to make wry faces at the buttermilk below. The wandering artist stays longest; sometimes he is with us for ten days, committing the hundred and one pretty "bits" he finds at every turn to his sketch-book, but he never waits to fill it; and long before he has exhausted one-third of the resources of the place, he begins to make enquiries about the means of communication with Dieppe or Havre. "A fellow deserves a little gaiety after this," he says. The amateur archæologist comes, and putting on his most critical spectacles, spends his single day wandering about our much-admired church, inside and out. "Very interesting," he says afterwards; "a very perfect example of — of *that* style of architecture." Sometimes he stays an extra day and goes out to St. Wandrille, whence he returns raving with the admiration he cannot control, and wishing he could sketch or photograph. The ruins and cloisters of St. Wandrille are our one sight, besides our church, and he has not "done" Caudebec who fails to pay them a visit.

Caudebec lies on the great trunk road between Havre and Rouen, and oftentimes we see a phantom of glitter, speed, and physical exertion, coming down the hill toward our hotel. This proves to be the cycling tourist. He only stays long enough to eat a splendid breakfast and enter his name in the visitors' book, before going back to the treadles. Cycling breeds in its votaries an air of mournful earnestness blended with feverish haste; at table the practised eye can detect a "wheelman"

by the frantic eagerness with which he swallows his food, for he is as jealous of the lapse of time as a queen's messenger. He has no eye for scenery, and the beauties of nature are as nothing to him; his interest in the country is confined to the all-important question of the number and steepness of the hills to be scaled. The cyclist is the only visitor who asks for our visitors' book — we have such a volume at the Marine, though a very unpretending one; he inscribes therein a condensed record of his travels past and future, with a jealous exactness of detail that might be mistaken for egotism. He always comes from "Londres," and is going to Paris by a route he specifies accurately; he is going to return by a totally different road, but he enters that in our book too; possibly in case the police might want him — a most improbable contingency, for he is the most harmless individual in the world. He set out from Londres with no more questionable purpose than to cover the greatest possible mileage in the shortest possible time, and those swelling muscles beneath his worsted stockings put our railway service daily to shame.

Once we had a newly married couple with us for three whole weeks, and she at least was sorry to go when the hour came. She hovered about the table in the café where madame was making laborious and incorrect *calculs* for the bill, deploring the necessity for ever leaving Caudebec at all. It was so lovely and so quiet, she said. Why, this very morning George and she had spent an hour and a half on the bench under the big chestnut overhanging the river, and they weren't disturbed once — not once. Oh! she did wish this was the first day of the honeymoon instead of the last; didn't George? George wasn't by any means so sure of that; he'd finished all his English tobacco, and this French stuff was poisonous; moreover, though Caudebec wasn't a bad place, as country places go, he rather preferred Brompton and the City; a fellow would soon grow into a mere vegetable here.

I could not but sympathize with both. She, loving the repose of the country, and enjoying here the whole attention of her husband, was loth to leave her paradise. He, whose active brain short rest repaired, felt himself rusting with the dreamy idleness, and longed to join again in that exciting race for life upon the great river of commerce.

Life in Caudebec is not trying to the nerves, it must be confessed; and to an

outsider like myself who enters not into the hundred and one tragedies and comedies passing around him, it is ever the same to monotony. But let me be just. Every Saturday Caudebec shakes off its torpor, and, as it were, stretches itself before turning round with the week's end to go to sleep again; for Saturday is market-day, and the streets are crowded to overflowing with peasants from all the country side, and blocked with commodities of every kind. In addition to the regular stalls which spring up, phoenix-like, each recurring Saturday on their chosen spots, the shopkeepers are attacked by a spasm of business-like energy and spread their entire stock in trade on the pavement before their doors. We have a method of arranging our market in Caudebec which is peculiarly our own. There is space enough and to spare for everybody on the broad quay; but custom prescribes a system of "scatteration" which would be exasperating to purchasers were our town a little larger. On the quay we find agricultural implements, confectionery, wood, iron, and basketware, ready-made clothing, toys, sabots, and carpet-slippers, all mixed up together. It is impossible to give the names of the localities where other goods are to be found, for if our streets and *places* have ever been dignified with nomenclature, they are not now. Here and there a faint trace of lettering lingers on the wall, but for the most part any titles they possess dwell only in the memory of the inhabitants.

But what want they with names, after all? They have known for generations that poultry, eggs, and dairy produce are sold under the shadow of Notre Dame; that pigs and calves enlivened the space before the Hôtel de l'Aigle d'Or; that butchers' meat may be purchased in the square before the convent; and our fish-market proclaims its own whereabouts to every one gifted with a nose. Our fish-market, if malodorous, is the most interesting, though. Here you will see the blue shark; the gigantic eel, eight feet long and thirty inches in girth; the hideous lamprey of historical fame; not to mention the common herd of skate, pike, perch, grey mullet, flounders, and mackerel. These, in an olfactory sense, are harmless; but avoid the crates and slabs of salted fish-meat if you respect your nostrils; even the all-pervading tannery smell flies before their effluvia, when by contrast it were more than welcome.

In front of the Marine ponderous wains are drawn up, awaiting the seven-horse

teams, now feeding in the stable. Monsieur le Propriétaire has laid aside his pipe, and is quite active in the café serving "bocks" and "absinthes," and concocting mysterious liquid compounds of many colors. Madame is flying about her kitchen like an immense bee, for her patrons on market-day are many and hungry, and her largest pots and pans are bubbling and fizzling on the stove as if they entered into the spirit of the thing. Upstairs, Auguste, reinforced by Marie, is bustling round the *salle-à-manger* in a condition of hunted forgetfulness bordering on insanity. The Marine is the very vortex of the weekly excitement, and the staff knows no rest while the day lasts.

But when the sun begins to sink upon his rosy cloud-bed behind the golden brown hills in the west, there comes a lull. Carts are driving away in all directions, stalls are coming down, and the streets are rapidly clearing. Twilight draws in upon the last lingerers departing, and, ere the moon can show her face, Caudebec is Caudebec's self again. Come away softly, lest we wake it.

E. D. CUMING.

From Longman's Magazine.

#### A GIRL'S RELIGION.

PERHAPS there is no domain of childish thought and feeling that is more remote from our older experience, and consequently less easily understood by us, than that of religion. Their first ideas about the supernatural are indeed supplied by us, but they are not controlled by us. How oddly children twist the religious ideas of their elders, materializing and anthropomorphizing, is known to all who have had anything to do with the juvenile mind.

To most children, presumably, religious instruction comes — at first at least — with a commanding, authoritative force. The story of the supernatural, of the Divine Father, of Heaven, and the rest, cannot be scrutinized by the child — save, indeed, in respect of its inner consistency — for it tells of things unobservable by sense, and so having no direct contact with childish experience. Their natural tendency is to believe, in a submissive, childish way, not troubling about the proof of the mystery.

But even in this submissive acceptance there lies the germ of a subsequent transformation. If the child is to believe, it must believe in its own fashion; it must give body and reality to the ideas of divine

majesty and goodness, and of spiritual approach and worship. Hence the way in which children are apt to startle the reverent and amuse the profane by divulging their crude material fancies about things spiritual.

Such materialization of spiritual conceptions is apt to bring trouble to the young mind. It is all so confusing—this exalted Personage, who nevertheless is quite unlike earthly dignitaries, this all-encompassing and never-failing Presence, which all the time refuses to reveal itself to eye or ear. How much real suffering this may entail in the case of children at once serious and imaginative we shall never know. The description of the boy Waldo, in that strangely fascinating book, "The Story of an African Farm," kneeling bareheaded in the blazing sun and offering his dinner on an altar to God, may look exaggerated to some; but it is essentially true to some of the deepest instincts of childhood. The child that believes at all, believes intensely, and its belief grows all-commanding, and prolific of action.

While, however, it is the common tendency of children to passively adopt their elders' religious beliefs, merely inventing their own modes of giving effect to them, there is a certain amount of originality exercised in the formation of the beliefs themselves. Stories of independent creations of a religious cult by children are no doubt rare; and this for the very good reason that it needs the greatest force of self-assertion to resist the pressure of the traditional faith on the childish mind. The early recollections of George Sand, of which a short account was recently given in this magazine, furnish what is probably the most remarkable instance of childish daring in fashioning a new religion, with its creed and ritual all complete. And it may be worth while to give a brief narrative of this strangely natured and strangely conditioned child's religious experiences.

Poor little Aurore's religious difficulties and experiments at solution can only be understood in the light of her confusing surroundings. From her mother—ardent, imaginative, and of a "simple and confiding faith"—she had caught some of the glow of a fervent piety. Then she suddenly passed into the chilling air of Nohant and the grandmother, a disciple of Voltaire, and equalling her master in cynical contempt of the revered mysteries. The effect, as might have been anticipated, of this sudden change of temperature on the warm young heart, was a long and pain-

ful shiver. Madame Dupin at once recognized the girl's temperament, and saw with dismay the leaning to "superstition," a trait which she disliked none the less for recognizing in it a bequest from the despised *grisette* mother. So she applied herself with all the energy of her strong character to counteract the child's religious tendencies. Now this might have proved neither a difficult nor lengthy process if she had consistently set her face against all religious observances. But though a disciple of Voltaire, she was also a lady with a conspicuous social position, and had to make her account with the polite world and the *bienséances*. So Aurore was not only allowed but encouraged to attend mass and to prepare for the first communion like other young ladies of her station. Madame Dupin well knew the risk she was running with so inflammable a material, but she counted on her own sufficiency as a prompt extinguisher of any inconveniently attaching spark of devotion. In this way the young girl underwent the uncommon if not unique experience of a regular religious instruction, and concurrently with this, and from the very hand that had imposed it, of a severe training in rational scepticism and contempt for the faith of the vulgar.

Even if Aurore had not been in her inmost heart something of a *dévoté*, this parallel discipline in outward conformity and inward ridicule would have been hurtful enough. As it was, it brought into her young life all the pain of contradiction, all the bitterness of enforced rebellion.

The attendance on mass could hardly have seemed dangerous to Madame Dupin. The old *curé* of Nohant was not troubled with an excess of reverence. When ordering a procession, in deference to the mandate of his archbishop, he would seize the occasion for expressing his contempt for such mummeries. In his congregation there was a queer old lady, who used to utter her disapproval of the ceremony with a frankness that would have seemed brutal even in a theatre, by exclaiming, "Quelle diable de Messe!" And the object of this criticism, on turning to the congregation to wind up with the familiar *Dominus vobiscum*, would reply in an undertone, yet loudly enough for Aurore's ear, "Allez au diable!" That the child attached little solemnity to the ritual is evident from her account to the grandmother of her first visit to the mass: "I saw the *curé*, who took his breakfast standing up before a big table, and who turned

round on us now and then to call us names."

The preparation for the first communion was a more serious matter. The girl had now to study the life of Christ, and her heart was touched by the story. "The Gospel (she writes) and the divine drama of the life and death of Jesus drew from me in secret torrents of tears." Her grandmother, by making now and again "a short, dry appeal to her reason," succeeded in getting her to reject the notion of miracles and of the divinity of Jesus. But though she was thus unable to reach "full faith," she resolved *en revanche* to deny nothing internally. Accordingly she learnt her catechism "like a parrot, without seeking to understand it, and without thinking of making fun of its mysteries." For the rest, she felt a special repugnance towards the confessional. She was able to recall a few small childish faults, such as telling a lie to her mother in order to screen the maid Rose, but feared the list would not satisfy the confessor. Happily, however, he proved to be more lenient than she had anticipated, and dismissed his young penitent with a nominal penance.

The day that makes an epoch in the Catholic girl's life at length arrived, and Aurore was decked out like the rest of the candidates. The grandmother, having given a finishing touch to her instructions by bidding Aurore, while going through the act of decorum with the utmost decency, "not to outrage divine wisdom and human reason to such an extent as to believe that she was going to eat her creator," accompanied her to the church. It was a hard ordeal. The incongruous appearance of the deistic grandmama in the place sufficed in itself to throw the girl's thoughts into disorder. She felt the hollowness of the whole thing, and asked herself whether she and her grandmother were not committing an act of hypocrisy. More than once her repugnance reached such a pitch that she thought of getting up and saying to her grandmother, "Enough of this: let us go away." But relief came in another shape. Going over the scene of the "Last Supper" in her thoughts, she all at once recognized that the word of Jesus, "This is my body and my blood," were nothing but a metaphor. He was too holy and too great to have wished to deceive his disciples. This discovery of the symbolism of the rite calmed her by removing all feeling of its grotesqueness. She left the communion table quite at peace. Her contentment

gave a new expression to her face, which did not escape the anxious eyes of Madame Dupin: "Softened and terrified, divided between the fear of having made me devout and that of having caused me to lie to myself, she pressed me gently to her heart and dropped some tears on my veil."

It was out of this conflicting and agitating experience, the full sense of the beauty of the Christian faith and the equally full comprehension of the sceptic's destructive logic, that there was born in Aurore's imagination the idea of a new private religion with which nobody else should meddle. She gives us the origin of this strange conception clearly enough:—

Since all religion is a fiction [I thought] let us make a story which may be a religion, or a religion which may be a story. I don't believe in my stories, but they give me just as much happiness as though I did.\* Besides, should I chance to believe in them from time to time, nobody will know it, nobody will dispel my illusion by proving to me that I am dreaming.

The form and the name of her new divinity came to her in a dream. He was to be called "Corambé." His attributes must be given in her own words:—

He was pure and charitable as Jesus, radiant and beautiful as Gabriel; but it was needful to add a little of the grace of the nymphs and of the poetry of Orpheus. Accordingly he had a less austere form than the God of the Christian, and a more spiritual feeling than those of Homer. And then I was obliged to complete him by investing him on occasion with the guise of a woman, for that which I had up to this time loved the best, and understood the best, was a woman—my mother. And so it was often under the semblance of a woman that he appeared to me. In short, he had no sex, and assumed all sorts of aspects. . . . Corambé should have all the attributes of physical and moral beauty, the gift of eloquence, the omnipotent charm of the arts—above all, the magic of musical improvisation. I wished to love him as a friend, as a sister, while revering him as a God. I would not be afraid of him, and to this end I desired that he should have some of our errors and weaknesses. I sought that one which could be reconciled with his perfection, and I found it in an excess of indulgence and kindness.

The religious idea took an historical form, and Aurore proceeded to develop the several phases of Corambé's mundane existence in a series of sacred books or songs. She supposed that she must have

\* She here refers to the stories she had long been accustomed to compose for her own private delectation.

composed not less than a thousand of such songs without ever being tempted to write down a line of them. In each of these the deity Corambé, who had become human on touching the earth, was brought into a fresh group of persons. These were all good people; for although there existed wicked ones, one did not see them, but only knew of them by the effects of their malice and madness. Corambé always appears, like Jesus—and one may add, like Buddha—as the beneficent one, spending himself, and suffering persecutions and martyrdom, in the cause of humanity.

This occupation of the imagination developed "a kind of gentle hallucination." Aurore soon learned to betake herself to her hero-divinity for comfort and delight. Even when her peasant companions chattered around her she was able to lose herself in her world of religious romance.

The idea of sacred books was followed by that of a temple and a ritual. For this purpose she chose a little wood in her grandmother's garden, a perfect thicket of young trees and undergrowth, where nobody ever penetrated, and which, during the season of leaves, was proof against any spying eye. Here, in a tiny, natural chamber of green, carpeted with a magnificent moss, she proceeded to erect an altar against a tree stem, decking it with shells and other ornaments and crowning it with a wreath of flowers suspended from a branch above. The little priestess having made her temple, sat down on the moss to consider the question of sacrifices:—

To kill animals, or even insects, in order to please him, appeared to me barbarous and unworthy of his ideal kindliness. I persuaded myself to do just the opposite—that is, to restore life and liberty on his altar to all the creatures that I could procure.

Her offering included butterflies, lizards, little green frogs, and birds. These she would put into a box, lay it on the altar, and then open it, "after having invoked the good genius of liberty and protection."

In these mimic rites, hardly removed from genuine childish play, the doubt-agitated girl found repose: "I had then delicious reveries, and while seeking the marvellous, which had for me so great an attraction, I began to find the vague idea and the pure feeling of a religion according to my heart."

But the sweet sanctuary did not long remain inviolate. One day her boy playmate came to look for her, and tracked

her to her secret grove. He was awestruck at the sight, and exclaimed: "Ah, miss, the pretty little altar of the *Fête-Dieu*!" He was for embellishing it still further, but she felt the charm was destroyed.

From the instant that other feet than mine had trodden his sanctuary, Corambé ceased to dwell in it. The dryads and the cherubim deserted it, and it seemed to me as if my ceremonies and my sacrifices were from this time only childishness, that I had not in truth been in earnest. I destroyed the temple with as much care as I had built it; I dug a hole at the foot of the tree, where I buried the garlands, the shells, and all the rustic ornaments, under the ruins of the altar.

This story of Aurore's religious experiment cannot fail to remind the reader of biography of the child Goethe's well-known essays in the same direction. The boy's mind, it will be remembered, had been greatly exercised with the religious problem, first of all under the impression of horror caused by the earthquake at Lisbon, and later from having to listen to accounts of the new sects—Separatists, Moravians, and the rest—who sought a closer communion with the Deity than was possible through the somewhat cold ritual of the established religion. Stirred by their example, he tried also to realize a closer approach to the Divine Being. He conceived him, he tells us, as standing in immediate connection with nature. So he invented a form of worship in which natural products were to represent the world, and a flame burning over these to symbolize the aspirations of man's heart. A handsome pyramid-shaped music-stand was chosen for altar, and on the shelves of this the successive stages in the evolution of nature were to be indicated. The rite was to be carried out at sunrise, the altar-flame to be secured by means of fumigating pastils and a burning-glass. The first performance was a success, but in trying to repeat it the boy-priest omitted to put the pastils into a cup, so the lacquered stand, with its beautiful gold flowers, was disastrously burnt, and the spirit for new offerings departed.

In comparing these two instances of childish worship, one is struck perhaps more by their contrast than by their similarity. Each of the two incidents illustrates, no doubt, a true childish aspiration towards the great unseen, and also an impulse to invent a form of worship which shall harmonize with and express the little worshipper's own individual thoughts. But here the resemblance ceases. The



boy-priest feels, apparently, nothing of the human side of religion; he is the true precursor of Goethe, the large-eyed man of science and the poet of pantheism, and finds his delight in symbolizing the orderliness of nature's work as a whole, and its divine purpose and control. Aurore Dupin, on the other hand, approaches religion on the human and emotional side, the side which seems more appropriate to her sex. She thinks of her deity as intensely occupied with humanity and its humble kinsfolk in the sentient world; and she endows him above all other qualities with generosity and pitifulness, even to excess. Goethe seems to represent the speculative, Aurore the humanitarian, impulse in religion.

But we must return from our digression and follow Aurore through her later religious experiences.

Madame Dupin was dissatisfied with the girl's progress, and said to her, "Vous n'avez point de tenue, point de grâce, point d'a-propos." She resolved to send her to a convent, and selected for this purpose the Couvent de Anglaises, which had been founded by English Catholic refugees during the Protectorate, and where she had been imprisoned during the Revolution.

Aurore had but little regret in leaving the open world and varied interests of Nohant. She was weary of being an apple of discord between her mother and her grandmother, both of whom she loved, and felt an "imperious need" of repose. Three years were passed behind the grating — years of almost complete isolation from the outer world. In the first of these she was a rebel, *enfant terrible*; in the second she passed suddenly to an "ardent and agitated devotion"; in the third she quieted down to a calm and enjoyable piety.

We must not dwell on the first year, with its succession of wild girlish adventures, strange and exciting though they are, beyond most narratives of boyish school pranks. Suffice it to say that Aurore at once joined and took the lead of *les diables*, that is, the rebels who refused to be among the devout ones (*les sages*). She headed their exciting and dangerous excursions through the labyrinthine subterranean passages, and even over the roof of the convent, in search of the "victim," the fabulous person whom the tradition of the rebels declared was hidden away in some remote cell. This romantic excitement was, she tells us, necessary to her to enable her to bear up

under the severe *régime* of the convent. It is not improbable, too, that this indulgence in lawless turbulence came as a welcome reaction after the enforced duplicities and the heart-rendings of Nohant. However this be, the experience was an integral factor in the evolution of the girl's religious consciousness. The young are for the most part only half-hearted rebels, and seem often to gratify their wildness only to enjoy more intensely the delights of submission. So it was in this case. Among the nuns with whom the girl was brought into close contact, and of whom she has left us masterly sketches, were women who tempered religious austerity with more lovable qualities. One of these, Madame Alicia, seems to have had a special attraction for Aurore. She writes of her: —

She scolded sometimes, but with few words; and these words were so just, a reproof so well grounded, reproaches so direct, so clear, and nevertheless accompanied by a hope so encouraging, that one felt oneself curbed, reduced, convinced before her, without being wounded, humiliated, or chagrined. . . . One loved her all the more, the less worthy one felt of the friendship she preserved for you, but one retained the hope of deserving it.

The complete withdrawal from the world and the sceptical atmosphere of the château, the daily contact with sincere devotion in women of worthy and even noble character, could not fail to act upon the heart of the young rebel, which, like that of Marian Evans and other gifted children, was preternaturally sensitive to human influence. A year of revolt was enough; she was now fifteen years old, and began to weary of its idleness and its barren excitements. She felt that her violent love for her mother had fatigued and bruised her. She had a quiet veneration for Madame Alicia, but she needed an "ardent passion" to take her completely out of herself. So she found herself half involuntarily taking a step in the direction of the devout, and occupying her spare hours with the "Lives of the Saints." She ridiculed the miracles, but was touched and stirred by the faith, courage, and stoicism of the confessors.

In the convent chapel at the end of the choir was a picture by Titian, representing Jesus in the Garden of Olives falling fainting into the arms of an angel. There was a particular moment of the day during the winter months when the declining sun threw a ray on the red drapery of the angel and on the white arm of Christ. At this moment she always experienced an

indefinable emotion, even in the days of her *diablerie*. Another painting in the chapel, depicting St. Augustine under the fig-tree, bearing the words "Tolle, lege!" acted at this time on her imagination, and sent her to re-peruse the Gospels with greater care.

The evening of the same day in which she had reopened the New Testament she found herself at nightfall pacing the cloisters alone, weary of the frivolities of her comrades. She saw a few straggling worshippers, pupils, and others enter the church. Permission was required for joining in this evening devotion, but Aurore, always ready for an act of disobedience, heeded not the restriction and entered with the rest. Her impulse was half a malicious one, for she wanted to see what a poor hunchback would do there, and report to the *diabes*, and half a prompting of the nascent religious feeling.

Once in the church, the hunchback was soon forgotten. The scene was an impressive one:—

The church was lit only by a small silver lamp, whose white flame repeated itself in the polished marble of the pavement as a star in a motionless water. Its reflection gave off pale sparks on the corners of the gilded frames, on the carved candlesticks of the altar, and on the gold plates of the tabernacle. The door placed at the end of the hinder choir was open on account of the heat, as well as one of the great windows which looked on to the cemetery. The perfumes of the honeysuckle and jasmine ran on the wings of a fresh breeze. A star lost in the immensity was as if framed in by the window, and seemed to look on me attentively. The birds sang: it was a quiet, a charm, a meditation, a mystery, of which I had never had an idea.

She remained some time in a state of pure contemplation, "thinking of nothing." Little by little the few worshippers retired. A single nun remained kneeling at the back of the choir. Having completed her devotion, she arose and stepped forward, lighting a small candle at the lamp of the sanctuary in order to read. The mysterious form, wrapped in a long cloak, resembled "a phantom ready to pierce the sepulchral slabs and re-enter her marble couch." She too departed, and the girl was left alone:—

The hour grew late, the prayer-bell rang, somebody came and shut the church. I had forgotten everything. I know not what passed within me. I breathed an atmosphere of an ineffable sweetness, and I breathed it with my mind yet more than with my senses. Suddenly, an indescribable perturbation passed through my being, there was a swimming before my

eyes as of a white glimmer in which I felt myself enveloped. I thought I heard a voice murmur to my ear: "Tolle, lege!" I turned round, believing it was Marie Alicia who spoke to me. I was alone.

She had no thought of a miracle, but recognized at once that she was the subject of an hallucination. She felt that faith had laid hold of her, as she had desired, by the heart, and was so grateful that a torrent of tears flooded her face. She tried to pray to the "unknown God," who had called her to himself, but broke down in tears and sobs, and fell crushed to the earth. The nun who had arrived to shut the church heard the groaning and weeping, and came not without terror to seek its cause; but Aurore managed to evade her scrutiny and to return to her cell undiscovered.

This storm of religious emotion did not leave her where she was. It had driven her into a new region far from her late comrades, where she found herself floating onwards on a calm yet strong current. It was characteristic of the girl that she made no secret of her conversion and cared not a straw for the jeers of the *diabes*. In truth, however they did not jeer. She had been the leader in revolt and had been christened "Madcap" by the nuns, and her return from the rebels' camp did much to tone down their almost savage violence, and indeed in time to half efface the old sharp divisions of class among the pupils.

The history of the following and last year of the convent life shows us Aurore gradually feeling her way to a less intoxicating and more manageable form of religious sentiment. At first the ardor of the girl carried her to the point of deciding to be a nun, and she actually began to help one of the menial sisters in the drudgeries of the place. But such zeal naturally alarmed the authorities, who, if they were themselves nuns, knew well enough that it would never do to incur the suspicion of having proselytized the granddaughter of Madame Dupin. So Madame Alicia, to whom she confided her wish to take the veil, threw a judicious drop of cold water on her longings. A similar worldly wisdom was displayed by the Abbé de Prémord, the girl's confessor, who recognized in her exaggerated accounts of wrongdoing a nervous disorder, and counselled, in place of penance, plenty of activity and amusement. And so the feverish agitation and the morbid longing for the life of a recluse passed, and Aurore became again, if not exactly a *harum-scarum* "tom-

boy," at least a bright, companionable girl.

Perhaps this return to a comparatively orthodox faith, in half-conscious submission to the influence of the convent, is hardly less memorable than the invention of the Corambé cult. What possibilities of religious emotion, one reflects, must have existed in a girl who, after having been so effectively drilled in the Voltairian scorn, could experience an intense joy in that act of self-prostration in the convent church! And on the heels of this reflection comes another: How might it have fared with Aurore if there had been no grandmother to instil the pride of scepticism at that decisive moment in her development? If she had then fallen into the hands, say, of Madame Alicia, is it not conceivable that we might have had, instead of the errant romancer, a female St. Bernard, or a second Sister Dora? And yet there are who seem to say that genius ever hies straight along its one path of achievement, taking nothing of its direction or of its velocity from its life circumstances.

JAMES SULLY.

From Temple Bar.

MAURICE DE SAXE.

ABOUT the middle of the year 1695, a strange story began to circulate among the different courts of Germany. Sophia-Dorothea, wife of the electoral prince of Hanover, had been suddenly arrested at her husband's order and sent a prisoner to the fortress of Ahlden. In addition to this, Count Philip von Königsmarck, the princess's reputed lover, who had been staying in Hanover when her arrest took place, had suddenly disappeared. The latter had been a well-known figure in German society, and his mysterious fate gave rise to much speculation. It seemed, however, as if the question would remain unanswered; for the court of Hanover, which alone could speak as one having authority, maintained an obstinate silence. The gallant Philip, who had possessed a double portion of the traditional recklessness and violence of his race, had not been without his detractors; and it is not improbable that many sober-minded people congratulated themselves on his disappearance from the haunts of men. But there was one person who was determined to solve the mystery; this was his sister Aurora. She remembered that among her brother's friends had been that powerful

prince, Augustus, the elector of Saxony. The young Countess Aurora therefore betook herself to Dresden to enlist his sympathies in her behalf. Augustus readily complied. His despatches to Hanover soon grew so peremptory that it seemed not improbable that hostilities would ensue between the two courts. The electoral prince of Hanover, however, still declined to return a definite answer as to the fate of Count Philip. As Mr. Stepney, the English ambassador at Dresden put it, Prince George replied like Cain: "Am I my brother's keeper?" But though Aurora's mission in this respect was unsuccessful, it produced very grave results in another way. Aurora von Königsmarck was one of the most beautiful women of her time; and her personal graces were heightened by the possession of extraordinary intellectual abilities. Augustus speedily became fascinated by his lovely visitor, and before long laid himself at her feet. At that time there was nothing degrading attached to the character of a prince's mistress. It was a position rather to be sought after by a cultured and ambitious woman who wished to take a part in politics and diplomacy. It was more than probable that Augustus, in addition to his present dignities, would be elected king of Poland on the death of the then monarch, John Sobieski. He would thus become one of the greatest princes of northern Europe. After a very slight resistance, the Countess Aurora accepted his proposals. For a space she enjoyed all the splendors which an extravagant and infatuated lover could lavish on her; and on October 28th, 1696, at Goslar, she gave birth to a child who was baptized by the name of Maurice. Such, briefly, were the circumstances which led to the great French marshal's appearance on the stage of life.

The little Maurice, for whose education his father liberally provided, passed his childhood partly in Germany, partly in Poland. When he reached his twelfth year, Augustus, who had been elected king of Poland in 1697, resolved to give him a commission in the Saxon army. The war of the Spanish succession was then in progress; Saxony had joined the league against France, and Maurice's first efforts were thus made against the troops he was destined in after years to lead so frequently to victory. The following is the marshal's own *naïf* account of his entry into the profession of arms:—

"On January 5th, 1709, Count Schulenburg came into my room and told me, in

the king's name, that his Majesty had made up his mind that I was to be a soldier, for which I ought to thank him very much, and that we were to go to court the next morning. I was wild with joy, chiefly because I thought that now I should not have a tutor any more. Schulenburg had had a uniform made for me; I put it on, and also equipped myself with a broad leather belt, to which was fastened a long sword. A pair of jack-boots completed my array, and I was then conducted to court to kiss hands. The king asked about my knowledge of geometry and my skill in drawing. 'All the plans sent to me,' said he to Schulenburg, 'must be drawn up by his own hand.' He added, 'You must shake him up pretty roughly; that will harden him. As a beginning, you will make him do the whole march to Flanders on foot.' This was not at all to my taste; I had much rather have been put in the cavalry, and I ventured to make a suggestion to that effect; but I was roughly refused. The king, moreover, said to Schulenburg, 'You must allow no one to carry his arms — his shoulders are quite broad enough for him to carry them himself. And, above all, don't let him pay anybody to mount guard for him, unless he is seriously ill.' I was astonished that the king, usually so kind, should talk to-day like an Arab slave-driver; but, when I remembered that now I should not have a tutor any more, I forgot all my troubles and felt the happiest of men."

The king was resolved to make Maurice go in for soldiering in earnest, and the young gentleman found his first experiences of military glory very trying. His feet became covered with blisters, and the heavy pike scarred his shoulder with bruises. Moreover, and this must have been the unkindest cut of all, he still had a tutor, cunningly disguised under the name of *gentilhomme*, who — there must have been much significance in this — was the brother of his old tutor, M. Destète. Maurice, with the Saxon detachment, reached the seat of war early in 1709, and took his place under the command of Prince Eugene. He took part in the campaigns of 1709 and 1710, and by his earnestness and activity succeeded in attracting the personal notice of the great Austrian general. When the army went into winter quarters, Maurice resumed his studies. A rigorous code of instructions was drawn up for his benefit; but he must have displayed as much strategic ability in evading the designs of his pedagogue as he subsequently showed in his cam-

paigns against the Duke of Cumberland. To the end of his days he was barely able to spell a single word correctly.

In 1711 he returned home, and the king soon after issued an edict creating him Count of Saxony, and settling on him a pension of one thousand crowns a year. In 1712 he accompanied his father to the siege of Stralsund, where Charles XII. had entrenched himself against the united armies of Prussia, Poland, and Denmark. So eminently did Maurice distinguish himself in one of the assaults on the city that early in 1713 he was appointed colonel of a regiment of cuirassiers.

Maurice de Saxe was now in his seventeenth year. The youth, tall and strong for his age, was a true Königsmarck. He loved the fatigues and excitement of war, and early gave tokens that he possessed the ability to plan as well as to carry out great enterprises. Unfortunately, as frequently happens with characters of this kind, to him inactivity meant ruin. The licentiousness and brutality which made the father infamous throughout Europe did not fail to reproduce themselves in the son. In times of peace they shone forth with baleful lustre. The young count, scarcely come to man's estate, began to gain an unenviable reputation for all kinds of profligacy. His mother, who now held the post of Abbess of Quedlinburg, was quite unable to supply her son's inordinate extravagance. She began to send constant appeals to the king to do something for him. Augustus needed every thaler in the treasury for the crowd of harpies who filled his palace. Fortunately, however, there was then residing at the court of Dresden, under the monarch's own paternal eye, a wealthy young heiress named Joanna Victoria von Loeben. To her, therefore, young Maurice was directed to pay his court. His father assisted him by carefully sounding his praises in the young lady's ear, and before long a marriage was arranged between the two. It took place on March 12th, 1714. The results of the union were miserable in the extreme. The husband never pretended to show any affection towards his wife. No sooner had he got her revenues into his hands than he began to squander them with a prodigality that put all his former extravagances into the shade. By the year 1718 his creditors were compelled to seize his wife's revenues to satisfy their claims. The young Countess Joanna was reduced to such distress that, to escape actual want, she was driven to seek an asylum with her mother-in-law at Quedlin-

burg. But the latter was too fond of her scapegrace son to believe much against him. After a short residence at Quedlimburg, Joanna quarrelled with her mother-in-law, and retired to one of her country houses. From this place she wrote a pathetic letter to the king, asking his aid; but at the same time imploring him not to let her husband, of whose violence she was in abject terror, know of her application. It would be useless to enter into the miserable dispute that ensued. Joanna continued to implore the king's protection. The Countess Aurora, on the other hand, wrote to him to the effect that her daughter-in-law was a woman of the most abandoned character, and was even then living on her estate of Schönbrunn with a lover. The charge, for which there seems to have been no foundation, was indignantly denied. At last Maurice resolved to end the whole dispute in a summary way. He wrote to his wife to say that if she wanted a divorce, he would be perfectly willing to take all the blame on himself. The countess yielded, and her husband kept his promise to the letter. The countess sent in a formal petition to the Lutheran Consistory praying for a divorce from her husband. On March 26th, 1721, both parties appeared before the court. Joanna accused her husband of adultery, and added that his extravagance had crippled her once large fortune. The president asked Maurice what he had to say in answer.

"Absolutely nothing," responded the young count.

The president, rather surprised, repeated his question; was there no special animosity on the part of the countess?

"No," replied Maurice; "it is true our mutual affection has never been very strong; but the countess has not exaggerated—her statements are perfectly correct."

After this there was nothing left for the president but to pronounce sentence of divorce. As a minister of God, however, he thought he might improve the occasion by adding a few words of reproof to so hardened a criminal. But the count stopped him at once.

"Your reverence," said he, "I know quite well what you are going to say; we are every one of us grievous sinners."

And with these words he strode out of the building. Not content with this disgraceful piece of conduct, Maurice subsequently wrote a letter to his father, in which he described the whole affair with much zest, and took great credit to himself for his insolence to the president.

The young countess subsequently married again, and was very happy with her second husband. The Comte de Saxe, however, never re-entered the bonds of wedlock. Madame de Pompadour once ventured to rally him on his aversion to marriage, on which he answered, with characteristic rudeness, that he had never met a man of whom he would like to be the father, or a woman of whom he would care to be the spouse.

With his divorce, Maurice's career in Saxony came to an end. His father had had enough of him, and suggested that he should seek a military career in the service of a foreign State. The French service was at that time the most suitable for an adventurous young soldier. Several members of the Königsmarck family, moreover, had held commissions in it. To France, therefore, Maurice de Saxe resolved to go. His first application was successful, and he soon received the rank of *maréchal-de-camp* in the French army, the pay attached to this being ten thousand livres a year. This, however, only gave him the position of a general officer. He therefore persuaded his father to buy him, in addition, the colonelcy of a regiment. To provide money for this, Augustus, whose funds were fearfully low, had to sell one of the crown domains. But probably he did not grudge the sacrifice which would enable him to get rid of so troublesome a member of his family. Aurora von Königsmarck died at Quedlimburg in 1728. The ambitious hopes, which had actuated her in her first connection with Augustus, were disappointed. No sooner had her child been born than her royal lover deserted her for a rival, and her latter years were spent in poverty and humiliation.

Maurice de Saxe entered the French service in 1721; but he had to wait twenty years for an opportunity of gaining distinction. An extraordinary expedition he made to Courland in 1725, in hopes of gaining the ducal crown of that province, resulted in a *fiasco*. The war of 1733, in which he held a command, ended too soon to give him a chance of exhibiting his talents. During nearly the whole of this long period, therefore, the Comte de Saxe, as he was usually styled, was compelled to console himself with the pleasures of society. His striking figure, his vivacious manners, and the great reputation acquired from his wild adventures in northern Europe, made him everywhere a man of mark. All contemporary writers speak with enthusiasm of his personal ap-



pearance. Six feet in height, Maurice de Saxe was of a muscular and well-proportioned frame. His features were well though roughly cut, and aquiline in character; the eyes blue, the brows thick, black, and strongly arched; his expression was bold and determined; his glance, keen and swift, seemed designed by nature to electrify the souls of men, and win the hearts of women. As the Duc de Luynes eloquently says of him: "On disait avec raison qu'il ressemblait à l'idée que nous faisons du dieu Mars. Les païens en effet auraient pu prendre ce modèle pour le dieu de leurs armées." One can well understand how the beautiful and gifted woman whose fate has formed a theme for the well-known play by Scribe and Legouvé, gave herself to him so unreservedly. But though the Comte de Saxe revelled to the full in all the dissipated pleasures of the French court, he in no way neglected the studies and exercises necessary for one who wished to achieve fame in the profession of arms. He mastered the standard works on military science; he paid unusual attention to the equipment and drill of his regiment; and when recovering from an illness he wrote a short but curiously interesting treatise on the art of war, entitled "*Mes Réveries*."

At last his opportunity came. On the death of the emperor, Charles VI., in 1740, a league was formed by the chief continental powers against his daughter and heiress, Maria Theresa. The spirits of Maurice de Saxe rose within him at the gathering of the eagles. He was not disappointed. In August, 1741, he received an important command in the French army which was sent to assist the elector of Bavaria. So eminently did the Comte de Saxe distinguish himself during the next three years, that in 1744 Louis XV. raised him to the rank of marshal of France, and gave him the supreme command of the French armies. The story of the three great campaigns that followed has been too well and too often told by the most eminent historians to need more than a brief recapitulation. In 1745 the Duke of Cumberland was defeated at Fontenoy, and the French army completed the reduction of the line of fortresses that, like a grim row of mighty sentinels, barred the way to the rich valley of the Scheldt. In 1746 Brussels and Antwerp were taken, and the Austrians, under Prince Charles of Lorraine, defeated at Raucoux. In 1747 the Duke of Cumberland, hoping to retrieve the laurels of Fontenoy, was beaten at Lawfeldt, and all the Austrian

Netherlands except Maestricht were in the hands of the French. The fall of the latter fortress was only hindered by the early conclusion of peace in the ensuing year.

The brilliant successes gained for the French arms by Marshal Saxe aroused the most intense enthusiasm in a country which still smarted under the defeats of Blenheim and Oudenarde, of Ramillies and Turin. When the marshal came to Paris after the battle of Fontenoy and the capture of Brussels, he was received with the wildest demonstrations of delight. At Versailles the king stepped from his throne to embrace him before the assembled court; at the opera he was publicly crowned with a wreath of laurel amid the plaudits of the house. Voltaire celebrated the occasion with a triumphant ode of victory. Nor were the marshal's solid rewards to be despised. The king gave him the magnificent castle and domain of Chambord, an annual pension of forty thousand livres, and the governorship of Alsace, a post worth one hundred and twenty thousand livres a year. After Raucoux, six of the cannon taken in the battle were placed in front of the grand entrance of Chambord. The king conferred on him the title of "*maréchal-général des camps et des armées du roi*"—a dignity borne previously by none save the great Turenne—and in all public and private documents he addressed him as "*mon cousin*."

From professional military critics Marshal Saxe won the highest praise. Frederick the Great spoke of him as a model whom all soldiers should copy. The great French marshal's system had been methodical to the last degree; yet no one could deny the completeness of its success. His advances might be slow; but they were sure. No point once occupied by the French army had been ever retaken by the enemy; each acquisition had been used as a stepping-stone to further conquests. Three mighty efforts had been made to check his progress by means of a pitched battle; each had resulted in a defeat for his opponents. None of his victories had been followed up as vigorously as they might have been; yet by the end of 1747 the Austrian Netherlands, excepting the border fortress of Maestricht, were as fully in the possession of France as Artois or Champagne.

A serious objection has been brought against the claim of Marshal Saxe to the title of a great strategist, which demands a brief examination. His exclusive re-

striction of military operations to the Austrian Netherlands has been declared a mistake. It would have been far wiser to have merely kept a small defensive force on the north-east frontier of France, while the bulk of the French army, crossing the Rhine, should have pushed on towards Vienna by the valley of the upper Danube. Such a movement, combined with a descent of the Prussians upon Vienna from the north, would, it is maintained, have ended the war two years earlier. The marshal, when this was pointed out to him, always declared that an advance across the Netherlands was the best way to get peace, as this would frighten the Dutch and English allies of the empress-queen into submission. But, if this was the case, why then did he carry out the conquest of the Netherlands with such unnecessary care? Why, after having captured the first line of fortresses, did he not boldly advance against the Dutch frontier in the spring of 1746. That Marshal Saxe spent far too much time on the conquest of the Netherlands, cannot therefore be denied. What then was his reason for doing so? The answer is to be found in the view he took of the whole object of the Austrian Succession War. That contest had been started with the avowed purpose of depriving Maria Theresa of a large portion of her dominions. Prussia had occupied and kept Silesia. The king of Sardinia had secured a slice of the Austrian possessions in Lombardy. Marshal Saxe, therefore, held that it was the duty of France to acquire the Austrian Netherlands for herself. Hence the extraordinary care he took in completing the conquest of those provinces. This view of the war, moreover, coincided exactly with his own ambition. It would be a magnificent feat to present his adopted country with so fair a gift. To have given the Netherlands to France would be to set up a monument of his fame more enduring than stone or brass. Nothing proves this so conclusively as his extraordinary fury at the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, when the conquered provinces were restored by Louis XV. The letter he wrote on this occasion to the Comte de Maurepas is so interesting, and at the same time so characteristic, that a short extract from it may perhaps be excused. He says:—

"I am not of much consequence in political matters, and if ever my military duties compel me to speak of them, I do not expect people to regard my opinions as very valuable. What I know and have to

tell you, is that the enemy, however strong they may be, will find it impossible to force an entry into these provinces (the Austrian Netherlands). I am furious at the thought of having to surrender them. They form a splendid acquisition, and we shall repent of our folly as soon as we have forgotten our present need for peace. I do not think we shall be making a bad bargain in going through a few more hardships in order to retain an acquisition like this, which will give us magnificent ports, millions of men, an impregnable barrier of fortresses against our foes, and very little trouble to protect. That is my opinion. I know nothing about your infernal 'reasons of state.' I see that the king of Prussia, who seized on Silesia, has kept that, and I want us to do the same. I protest that I have no wish to interrupt your negotiations, but, until reason points to the contrary, let us give back nothing, or else very little of what we have won."

The writings of the time contain countless notices of the marshal's minor characteristics as a soldier. At this time, sieges were far more frequent than battles. Armies were thus often kept in inactivity for months at a time. During these periods Marshal Saxe exerted himself to relieve the *ennui* of the soldiers. He established a theatre in the camp, which gave amusing performances every evening. Sometimes the orders for the army's movements during the next day were announced by the actors at the conclusion of the play. Unlike the generals of the time, Marshal Saxe was very careful of the lives of his soldiers. When a member of his staff suggested an experimental attack on one of the enemy's outposts which would only cost a dozen privates, the marshal answered that he would readily give the order if it would only cost a dozen generals. The only exception to this was at the battle of Lawfeldt. On this occasion, the marshal, anxious to perform a brilliant feat of arms before his sovereign, sent his columns to the attack without taking into account the enormous strength of the enemy's position. Marshal Saxe always strenuously opposed a cruel custom of the time, which consisted in burning the suburbs of a town on the approach of the enemy, lest it should afford them cover. He thus saved the houses and plantations in the outskirts of Brussels in 1746.

As regards personal bravery, the Comte de Saxe during his early years constantly exposed himself so rashly as to incur the censure of his superiors. In the year 1716,

for instance, he was fighting under his father's orders against the Swedes in Poland. One day, while drinking with some officers in an inn at Krosnec, he was surprised by the arrival of several hundred hostile cavalry. Maurice's little party, servants included, only numbered twenty men; but he at once fortified the inn buildings, and made such a desperate resistance against the enemy, that, after having beset the place for five hours, they retired to fetch some artillery. They left some troopers behind to watch the place. The Comte de Saxe had lost three men and was himself wounded in the thigh. No sooner, however, had the main body of the enemy retired, than he and his "heroic remnant" sallied forth, cut down the hostile sentinels, and, mounting their own horses, galloped off in safety. Marshal Saxe retained his love of danger all his life. Even when commander-in-chief of the French army at Raucoux, he was blamed by the king for having exposed himself like a common soldier. On no occasion did his indomitable strength of will shine out so conspicuously as at Fontenoy. A few days before the battle he had undergone the operation of being tapped for the dropsy. He was in frightful pain, and had to keep a leaden bullet in his mouth to moderate his intolerable thirst. Yet he conducted all the operations of the conflict from a litter.

Marshal Saxe was more popular with the rank and file of the army than with the officers, and the Duc de Luynes hints that he ruled more by fear than by love. Many of the officers, however, were his political enemies, and were constantly intriguing against him at court. The knowledge of this made him unusually severe at times. The Comte de Clermont, for instance, a prince of the blood, for a harmless jest on the marshal's amorous proclivities, was degraded from his post of general of division. He was reinstated on making submission, for the marshal never bore malice. Officers who remained loyal to him, such as the Marquis de Valfons, his favorite aide-de-camp, always found him a most indulgent master.

With the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748, Maurice de Saxe returned to France. The surrender of the Netherlands, won with so much care and toil, had been a terrible blow. But his fame filled Europe. And in the splendor and stateliness of his life at Chambord, he could find some compensation for the departed glories of active war. His regiment of Uhlans was quartered in barracks built

for them in the park, and exercised daily under his own eye. No other nobleman in France, not even a prince of the blood, enjoyed such a privilege. The banquet-hall of the château was hung with captured standards. Armed sentinels stood at the doors of the marshal's suite of apartments, and he was constantly attended, like the commander of an army at the seat of war, by aides-de-camp and equerries. The stables contained four hundred horses for the use of himself, his guests, and his personal attendants. Noblemen of rank, great ladies, soldiers, statesmen, and men of letters of world-wide repute, thronged to share in his magnificent hospitality. Hunting parties, open-air *fêtes*, balls, took place every day, and in a private theatre built in the keep of the château, the best companies from Paris gave frequent representations. Like the Cardinal de Rohan at Saverne, the master of Chambord was far the most prominent figure among the brilliant crowd. His lofty stature and noble bearing seemed to render him a veritable king of men. Yet, in spite of all his love of pomp, for an old comrade the marshal's welcome never lost its heartiness or his hand its warmth. The Marquis de Valfons relates that when he visited Chambord, the marshal in person came every evening to his room to talk over their past adventures by flood and field at his bedside.

A constant craving for adventure, a never satisfied ambition for success in untried spheres, had been a peculiarity of all the Königsmarcks. The son of Aurora possessed this characteristic of the family in full. With the consciousness of royal blood in his veins, moreover, Maurice de Saxe never ceased to long for a kingdom of his own. During the early years of his residence in France, he had left the arms of Adrienne Lecouvreur to seek a problematic crown in Courland. Even when surrounded by the splendors of Chambord, hopes of more real empire never left him. On one occasion he asked the king for the sovereignty of Madagascar, which he engaged to people with German colonists. This was declined, owing to the great expense it would involve. He then offered to hold the island of Tobago as a tributary dependency of the French crown. When this project fell to the ground he made inquiries as to the possibility of getting himself made king of Corsica, through, it is to be presumed, some arrangement with its then lords, the Genoese. It is easy to say that these projects, especially those relating to the colonies, were chimerical.

In justice to Marshal Saxe, however, it must be remembered that the colonial quarrel between England and France, destined to end in the loss of America by the latter, was then beginning. Had Louis XV. taken a little more interest in colonial affairs, the French flag might still be flying over the battlements of Quebec.

Allusion has already been made to the evil effects of continued inaction in calling into play the darker sides of Maurice's character. This period of his life is not without its stains. In the year 1748, Marshal Saxe had taken under his protection a singer at the opera called Marie Rinteau, her stage name being Mlle. Verrières. She was a very young girl of extraordinary loveliness, delicacy, and grace. In the autumn of 1748 she gave birth to a daughter who was christened Aurora. The marshal seems to have broken off his intimacy with her for some time after this event. Believing that she was actually abandoned, Marie devised a curious plan to bring back her errant lover. The marshal was then travelling in Germany. "Suppose," thought she, "that on his return he were to find the simple and timid chorus-singer grown into a brilliant actress, able not only to inflame by her beauty, but to enthral by her talents; would not this have the effect of bringing back the wanderer to her feet?" She at once put her scheme into execution.

The young dramatic poet, Marmontel, who was then in Paris, occasionally gave lessons in declamation to theatrical aspirants. Mlle. Verrières obtained an introduction to him, and under his fostering care made great progress. Now comes the curious part of the story. Marmontel did not enjoy the reputation of a Joseph. Some time before this he had entered into a *liaison* with a cast-off favorite of the marshal's, an actress named Mlle. Navarre. The Comte de Saxe, who had not yet intended to abandon Marie Rinteau, soon heard that she was in the habit of paying daily visits to Marmontel. He at once concluded that she had deserted him for the enterprising young poet, and fell into a paroxysm of rage. He stopped payment of the annual sum he had previously allowed her, took a solemn oath never to set eyes on her again, and hastened towards Paris, breathing vengeance against her supposed seducer.

Arrived at Paris, the marshal, to the intense amusement of his friends, raved like a Bedlamite. "Il allait disant dans le monde," says Marmontel in his amusing memoirs, "à la cour, et au roi lui-même,

que ce petit insolent de poëte lui prenait toutes ses maîtresses." Marmontel was aghast at the storm his inadvertence had aroused. Conscious, however, of his integrity in the matter, he girded up his loins and openly declared his readiness, if publicly insulted, to meet the hero of Fontenoy in mortal combat. Fortunately the intervention of mutual friends prevented so serious a *dénouement*. The marshal's wrath was appeased without bloodshed. But though he subsequently became reconciled with Marmontel, he persisted in his resolution not to see Marie Rinteau or her child again. The latter, it is interesting to note, married a M. Dupin de Francueil, and was grandmother of the celebrated novelist, Georges Sand.

In his affair with Marie Rinteau, Marshal Saxe had rendered himself ridiculous. In his conduct towards Madame Favart, he sank to the lowest extremity of baseness. The latter's maiden name was Justine Duronceray. She first attracted the marshal's notice while a member of the camp theatre in 1747. Becoming alarmed at his importunities, she fled to Brussels. The marshal, infuriated by her resistance, threatened to have her brought back by a squadron of hussars. She at once left Brussels and made her way to Paris. Her husband unfortunately had still remained in Flanders. The theatre at Brussels had been under his management. He had held it at a rent of one hundred and fifty ducats a year, which had been regularly paid. Suddenly, however, the proprietor of the theatre presented a demand for extra expenses, amounting in all to twenty-six thousand francs. That this step was instigated by Marshal Saxe is more than probable. A writ was issued against Favart, but he escaped across the frontier into France, where he remained in hiding. The marshal proceeded with his designs. In the hope of separating Favart from his wife, he proposed to the former employment at Lunéville in Lorraine, and sent offers of money to Justine, who was then living in comparative poverty in Paris. His offers were refused by both husband and wife. Favart found refuge at Strasburg. Justine obtained an engagement at the Comédie Italienne.

The marshal's first plan had failed, but circumstances played into his hands. Justine earnestly longed to see her husband again. She therefore made arrangements to meet him in Lorraine and left the theatre. Marshal Saxe resolved to seize the opportunity. An extraordinary plot was devised. Justine's father, M. Duronceray,

was mad, and had been living for some time at an asylum at Senlis. He had contracted an unreasonable hatred of his daughter, and his ravings were now employed to accuse her of having left the theatre in order to carry on a disgraceful intimacy with Favart, to whom it was asserted she had never been married. A *lettre de cachet* was obtained, and Justine was arrested at Commerce by an agent of the secret police named Meunier. She was eventually taken by him to a convent at Angers, where she was kept in close confinement. The unfortunate actress at first attributed her troubles solely to her father. She first sent a message to her mother-in-law telling the latter to get her (Justine's) marriage certificate and take it to the minister, D'Argenson. This, she said, would show the legality of her marriage, and amply disprove the accusations made against her. So far from suspecting Marshal Saxe of complicity in the affair, she told her mother-in-law to go at once and ask his aid. She soon recovered from her delusion. During her incarceration at Angers the marshal's letters began to assume a tone there was no mistaking. He spoke contemptuously of her affection for Favart, and hinted at other means by which she might regain her liberty. Justine's eyes were opened. She boldly taxed the marshal with being the author of her misfortunes, and denounced his insidious proposals in the most indignant terms. The marshal replied in a tone of injured innocence. He cause her arrest! He was working night and day for her release. To make her believe this, to appear in the rôle of a protector from injustice was, in fact, the whole object of his plot. But she was not to be deceived by such palpable falsehoods. As her imprisonment continued, she began to reproach him so bitterly that he became seriously alarmed. It would never do to irritate his victim beyond all hope of reconciliation. He therefore used his influence at court to get her released. After a short interval she was allowed to leave the convent and retire to Issoudun. On June 1st, 1750, the *lettre de cachet* was cancelled, and Justine was at liberty to resume her theatrical life. The marshal subsequently tried to reinstate himself in her favor by assuming all the credit of her release; but he was not successful.\*

In spite of his immense popularity it must not be supposed that Marshal Saxe

was without personal enemies. The higher French nobility had, from the first, denounced him as a foreigner and an adventurer. His rough manners unsuited him for the dainty courtesies of the Paris salons, and to the end of his life he was more at home in a camp than in a palace. Moreover, he was always intensely proud in his demeanor. In spite of the bar sinister, he never forgot that he was a king's son, and he demanded from the French aristocracy the deference due to a prince of the blood. His elevation to the supreme command aroused the most bitter jealousy in military circles, and his unvarying success in the field drove his rivals to madness. By the year 1747, according to a contemporary writer, the whole court was united against him in a league of hate. That the king remained his friend is, when one considers the weak character of this monarch, almost inexplicable. All that the most malicious ingenuity could devise was employed to destroy the marshal's reputation. He was accused of prolonging the war for his own advantage; of misunderstanding the objects of the campaign; of plundering the inhabitants of Belgium like another Menzel. The lead in the attack against him was taken by the princes of the blood, more especially by the well-known Louis-François de Bourbon, Prince de Conti. The latter, a man of violent and ambitious character, had greatly distinguished himself in Italy. He was furious when the post of commander-in-chief was given to the Comte de Saxe. The prince at once placed himself at the head of that party who decried the war in Flanders as useless, and demanded in its place an advance across the Rhine through Germany. The quarrel came to a head in July, 1747. The prince had received the command of a division of the French army which was stationed on the Rhine in order to guard against a possible movement of the Austrians in this direction. Marshal Saxe regarded this force as a mere adjunct to the army in Flanders, and frequently ordered the Prince de Conti to send heavy detachments in this direction to his support. The prince bitterly resented his subordinate position. At length he forbade his officers to make any movements to the north except by his special authority. The commander-in-chief at once wrote an indignant letter to the minister of war, pointing out that the prince's order might have caused the French army to suffer a severe defeat. It was impossible for Louis XV. to allow the leadership of his forces to be divided be-

\* For the plot against Madame Favart, and the correspondence between her and Marshal Saxe, see "Manuscrit trouvé à la Bastille," Paris, 1789.



tween two such irreconcilable enemies, and the Prince de Conti was ordered to resign his command. The importance of this quarrel will soon appear.

The September of 1750, was distinguished by a series of magnificent *fêtes* at Chambord. Never since the days of Francis I. had the castle sheltered within its walls a more brilliant throng. The great Mademoiselle de Sens, a princess of the royal house of Condé, had come thither with an escort of noble ladies, and to provide amusement for his highborn guests the marshal surpassed himself. His strength had been somewhat impaired by disease, but his bearing was as gallant as ever, and the most careful observer would have prophesied him many years of life. Two months later all France was astounded by the news that the hero of Fontenoy had died at Chambord of an attack of fever. Scarcely, however, had the official report of his death been published, when a rumor arose that it was really due to a wound recently received by him in a duel with the Prince de Conti.

The exact truth will never be known. But the balance of authority tends to support the popular rumor that the great French marshal's death was due to the sword of the Prince de Conti. It must, in the first place, be remembered that it was customary to conceal the facts of duels between persons of distinction, especially when they ended fatally. In 1748, for instance, the Comte de Coigny was killed in a duel near Versailles by the Prince de Dombes; yet the official report ascribed the count's death to a carriage accident. How much more necessary would it have been to conceal the facts connected with so eminent a person as Marshal Saxe. The story of the duel, moreover, has been told by Grimm in his historical memoirs, and is curiously corroborated by a tradition formerly current at Chambord itself.

Towards the end of November, 1750, the Comte de Friesen, a nephew of Marshal Saxe, and Frederick Grimm, the eminent literary critic were staying at Chambord. Early one morning, a travelling carriage, preceded by a mounted courier, entered the park. It stopped at the beginning of the avenue, and two strangers got out. The courier dismounted, and made his way to the château with a letter which he directed should be delivered to the marshal at once. The latter, who had not been long awake, no sooner read it, than he dressed himself,

hurriedly arranged some papers, and then left the château by a side door. He took his aide-de-camp, but forbade the Comte de Friesen to follow him. The marshal and his attendant went down the avenue to meet the two strangers. After a short conversation the party then retired to a glade in the forest, where an old peasant saw the marshal and one of the strangers draw their swords and prepare to engage. Meanwhile the Comte de Friesen had remained at the château, a prey to grave anxiety. The sudden arrival of the two strangers and the marshal's agitation filled him with alarm. After waiting in one of the rooms for a little time the suspense became unbearable. He threw the marshal's injunction to the winds and rushed out into the park. It was too late. He only reached the avenue to be confronted by some men carrying a litter on which the marshal was lying badly wounded. Of the two strangers no sign was left. They had in fact, re-entered their carriage and driven off the moment the duel was ended. The marshal's first words, however, revealed the identity of his antagonist and the cause of his hurt.

"Is the Prince de Conti still here?" said he, opening his eyes at the passionate exclamations of his nephew. "Tell him I bear him no ill-will. Fetch Sénac; I fear he will arrive too late; but I want to see my friend. Keep what has passed in the most profound secrecy."\*

The marshal was carried to his bed stricken to the death. Sénac, his private physician, did all he could to save him; but there was no hope, and the wounded man sank rapidly. Great professional soldiers have rarely failed to manifest some religious feeling in the hour of death. Tilly, the sacker of Magdeburg, struck down by a Swedish bullet at the passage of

\* See Grimm, *Mémoires historiques*, Paris, 1830. There is a little mistake in his narrative which demands notice. He says that Mlle. de Sens a daughter of the Prince de Condé — "Mademoiselle" is here a kind of title, like "Monsieur" when applied to the king's brother — made the Prince de Conti and Marshal Saxe promise that they would not fight a duel in her lifetime. It was, Grimm continues, owing to her death in 1750, that the Prince de Conti came to Chambord in that year with a challenge ready drawn up. Mademoiselle de Sens, however, died in 1765. There was a Mademoiselle de la Roche-sur-Yon, an aunt of the Prince de Conti, who, curiously enough, died on November 20th, 1750, a few days before the fatal duel took place. Ought the story of the promise to be applied to her? It is impossible to answer this question. Grimm, whose memoirs were written in his old age and more than forty years after the events described, may have confused the two. There is a letter in his "Correspondance littéraire," a work quite distinct from, and much better known than the "Mémoires historiques," which ascribes the marshal's death to a very different cause. This letter was probably written by Diderot or some other of Grimm's coadjutors.

the Lech, died at Ingolstadt with his lips pressed to the crucifix and the pious ejaculation, "In te speravi, Domine, non confundar in æternum!" "The noble-hearted Schulenburg, Maurice's first instructor in the art of war, passed away with an eloquent thanksgiving to the Providence that had guided him through the toils and dangers of his eventful life. Francis Trenck, the famous Pandour leader of the Austrian Succession War, when he felt his end approaching, took the vows of a Capuchin friar, so that, he exclaimed, half in humor, half in superstition, the devil might be disappointed of his poor soul to which he had looked forward with such pleasure to having. But in the death of Maurice de Saxe, the slightest vestige of religious sentiment will be sought in vain. Louis XV., with that curious zeal for the externals of religion, which he retained even amidst the enormities of the *Parc aux cerfs*, was deeply grieved that his favorite marshal should die a Lutheran. He hurriedly sent the marshal's old fellow-soldier, the Comte de Lœwendahl, himself a convert to Catholicism, to try to bring the dying man to the true faith. The mission was unsuccessful. It must not, however, be supposed that this refusal to change his creed inferred any definite religious belief on the marshal's part. The man had no hopes, no faith, and no regrets. He had lived a bold, reckless, brutal life; and he died the same. "Doctor," said he to Sénac, shortly before he expired, "life is only a dream. Mine has been short; but it has been a good one." In the morning of November 30th, 1750, he passed away.

The early years of Louis XV. are rich in interesting figures. There is white-haired Fleury, with one foot in the grave, plotting and scheming to the very last; there is Voltaire, with his withering smile, and Vauvenargues, beloved of gods and men, with the shadow of an early death upon his brow; there is D'Argenson, gloomy of mien, already seeing the doom that overhangs the old French monarchy, and Richelieu pursuing his constant round of vicious pleasure with the avidity of a beast of prey; and there is the exquisite Pompadour, just beginning to lay the foundations of her fatal influence. But among all the glittering throng there is none so conspicuous as Maurice de Saxe, with his brawny limbs, his martial air, his intense virility. A true son of the vikings, he belonged to the men who in primitive times have founded empires. Placed in the artificial life of a modern age, the hero degenerated into the ruffian

and the profligate. His youth was spent in the most dissolute court in Europe; his manhood in a society where a good man and a virtuous woman were alike unknown. He made no pretence to principle. His life was stained with violence; his character ingrained with brutality. But he was a splendid soldier and a loyal friend. He gave France three years of glory, for which, followed as they were by the ignominy of the Seven Years' War, that great crime of the Bourbons, he is gratefully remembered by a chivalrous nation.

---

From The Gentleman's Magazine.  
MOUNTAIN SHEEP.

SCATTERED along the slopes of many of the northern valleys, there still lingers a last remnant of the yeoman or "statesman" class. Their houses are strongly built of stone, and are essentially those of a utilitarian age. Each homestead has about it a few fertile fields—meadows which margin the valley stream. These are sufficient to afford "keep" for a dozen milch cows, and in summer yield abundant crops of hay. The young cattle graze the "grassing heads" in summer; but are brought to the coppice belts of birch and hazel to pick a scanty winter fare. There is but little ploughing, and, therefore, few horses are required. But, although the statesman, with all his virtues, is rapidly becoming extinct, neither political nor agricultural economy can alter nature's decree that these small holdings must ever remain sheep farms. Each farm in the dale has its "lot," or allotment, on the fell, which feeds from five hundred to a thousand sheep. This number is about the normal one, though some of the largest farms have most extensive "heafs," and graze from two to four thousand sheep. These are of the black-faced, Scotch, and Herdwick breeds. All have coarse, hair-like wool; the Scotch and black-faced have horns, whilst the Herdwick is polled. Yet each wears what the hill-farmers call "a jacket and waistcoat," that is long wool without, with a soft, thick coating beneath. And this is the one great characteristic which fits the animal for its life among the mists. All the breeds indicated are small-boned, and produce the best and sweetest mutton. It is the tending of these that constitutes the chief work of the dalesman throughout the year.

We have said that each farm of the valley has allotted to it its hundreds or

thousands of acres upon the fells, and it is wonderful how the sheep know their own ground. Of course this was the more remarkable before the enclosure of the commons, when only a stream, a ridge of rock, or a heather brae formed a nominal boundary. Now hundreds of miles of wire fence stretches its dividing influence over the wild fells, and is the means of destroying great numbers of grouse. One of the provisions for localizing the sheep upon their own lot, is as follows: When a retiring tenant is leaving his farm, he is allowed to sell or take with him, say, three-fourths of his flock of two thousand sheep, but the remaining five hundred must be left on the old ground. It is imperative upon the retiring farmer that this nucleus be left, though sometimes the whole flock is taken by the incoming tenant, and so remains. In any case he must purchase the number to be left upon the heaf at a valuation by one of the dalesmen, mutually agreed upon by the landlord and himself.

In each parish there still exists at some farm a "Shepherd's Guide," setting forth the tar-marks, smits, and ear-slits peculiar to the sheep of each farm in the township. This is in the keeping of some responsible person, and is used as a reference-book in cases of dispute. It sets forth the name of each farm, the number of its heaf-going sheep, a rough definition of their range, and, finally, the account of each flock is illustrated by cuts. These show, to take an example "J. B." on the near shoulder, a red smit down the flank, with the near ear slit down the middle. The "smits and slits" are essential, for although the initials of the owner may, and frequently do, become blurred and indistinct, the former are lasting, and, in case the animals have strayed, they may be at once identified. With the enclosure of the commons, this "Smit-book" is now rarely used, and no recent edition has been printed.

Most of the sheep winter on the fells. On the highest of these in severe weather they have to be foddered through three or four months of the year. Hay is taken in peat "sleds," and bundles are thrown down at intervals. Failing this the sheep are expert in scraping away the snow to get at the buried herbage. This they do with their feet and noses, and as the sheep clear away the snow the grouse (though this applies only to the lower ranges) follow and eat the heather seeds from beneath the bushes. Sometimes a whole flock of sheep are buried deep and have to be dug out. Even taking it for granted that the

whereabouts of the entombed flock is known, the task of rescuing them is one of great difficulty. In attempting it the shepherds have occasionally lost their lives. The animal heat given off by the sheep thus buried thaws a portion of the snow about them. Stretching their necks over this limited area, they devour every blade of green, even the turf itself. This exhausted, they eat the wool from each other's backs. Under these circumstances the tenacity of life shown by the sheep is marvellous, and many have been rescued alive after being buried for twenty-eight days. When brought to the light these poor creatures are in a weak and emaciated condition. During the long and terrible winter of 1886 the fell sheep suffered severely. On the higher runs they perished by hundreds. The farmers (four in number) of the farms lying contiguous to Sca Fell alone lost fifteen hundred sheep out of an aggregate of about six thousand. The whitened bones and fleeces of these were dotted everywhere about the fells, and to the hill farmers in these times of depression this fact almost spells ruin. The skeletons were bleached, and the only things that profited by the protracted snows were the peregrines and ravens of the crags. These birds still find an asylum in the deepest recesses of the mountains.

In these desolate hill-tracts winter usually lasts through seven months of the year. Layer upon layer of snow becomes hard frozen, and upon the highest peaks of Skiddaw and Sca Fell this often lies till June or July. During midsummer day of 1888 the mountains were lashed in blinding snow-storms. But for the most part April clears the summits of the mists, and a better time is at hand. The snows have cleared from the lower grounds, and the sparse vegetation comes sweet and green. This grows quickly, and the flock rapidly gains in condition. Now the sheep are ever active; by the torrent sides, by the leas of the boulders, and along the rock ledges they seek the freshest grass. And in search of this they sometimes become crag-fast—that is, they climb and climb from one narrow ledge to another, sometimes placing their fore feet upon even a jagged splinter. If a face of rock intervene, and they cannot climb out to the top of the crag, they turn to descend. But here, too, retreat is cut off. Sometimes the sheep remain in this position for two or three days, eating whatever is within reach, and then one of two things happens: either they are rescued by the shepherds, who are let down to them by ropes, or they fall a prey to

birds and foxes. The raven, the peregrine, and the buzzard freely appreciate the creature's position, and await their chance. Sometimes the birds so terrify the sheep that in its fright it makes one mad leap, and is dashed to pieces as it descends the crag. Then the raven hardly waits until death has come, but immediately goes dallying round and round the carcass, and soon falls to work upon brain, lip, or palate. The peregrine feeds only so long as the flesh is sweet, though the hill foxes and crows visit the spot for a week.

Snow lines are as yet sketched along the stone fences of the fells; but this is all that remains of winter. Everything testifies to the coming of spring. The foaming fell "becks" sparkle in the sun and the climbing sheep are sprinkled over the crags. A breadth of blue is overhead, and towards this the sheep always climb. When the weather is fine their heads are infallibly turned towards the skyline. From this time they rapidly improve in condition; with the new grass their strength returns; they are ever and ceaselessly nibbling. And now the shepherds are very busy with their flocks. The ewes are drafted out and quietly driven to the lowlands. These are distributed among the fields of the hill farms, and for a time have better fare. An anxious time is approaching; but here the lambing season comes fully two months later than in the lower and cultivated valleys. Daily attention is paid to the ewes, and about mid-April the lambs begin to make their appearance. The black-faced and Herdwicks are hardy; there is no folding, no extra feeding, and they come through the critical time in a manner that would astonish the southern farmer. The mortality is exceedingly small; the lambs are strong and quickly on their legs. As soon as the lambing season is over, and the little strangers are strong enough to bear the journey, the whole flock is driven back to the fells. Each year the farmer breeds two varieties of lambs. The black-faced and Herdwick ewes produce both, one of which is half-breed, the other pure. The pure portion is to keep up the blood of the farm; the half-breeds, which are heavier and larger lambs, are intended for sale. At this time the barren ewes are also drafted from the flock, they too being fattened for the market.

As the warm days of May pass to those of early June, the shepherds commence to "gather" their flocks for the washing. In this they are aided by collies — small, wiry creatures, almost inconceivably intelligent. They in nowise resemble the

sheep-dogs of the show-bench, but are mostly built on the lines of the hill fox. They can be bounded for miles — as far as they can see the action of the shepherd directing them. In fact they are quite knowing enough to work without this direction; and I have seen them scaling a crag and carefully bringing a flock of sheep from the rocks and gullies where not a single living thing was apparent to the eye. Devil's Dust, Wily, and Fleet were three of the most intelligent brutes that ever ran. I have spent weeks among the mists with the lovable trio. When a headstrong Herdwick gets upon the shelving rocks of the crags, the dogs never force. They crouch, using the utmost patience, and rather guide the sheep than drive it. That these dogs become fascinated in their work there can be no question. It is clear, too, that the work is difficult, and always more or less painful; for after a hard day's running upon the fells their feet are dreadfully cut up by the sharp stones, which in summer blister the hand if laid upon them. These beds of flat, tinkling stones give out their not unmusical notes as the men, sheep, and their canine guardians, rush over them. It is usual on the hill farms, where a great number of sheep are kept, to work the dogs in relays. A brace are taken out one day and rest the next. But at times of gathering for washing or shearing this plan is not always practicable, and all the dogs are working at once. Upon one such occasion, when a week of hard work had left an intelligent little bitch only two legs to run upon, she disappeared in a bracken bed under the crags. Thence she was not seen to emerge, nor could she be found. It was afterwards discovered that she had brought forth five puppies, each of which she carried separately in her mouth a distance of five miles, returning, of course, over the same distance. Her treasures she snugly stowed away among the hay in the old barn.

I have said that it is at the time of gathering in the sheep for washing or shearing that the dogs are hardest worked. When a fine spring has reduced the fell becks, and the clear water lies deep in the pools, then it is that the washing of the flocks takes place. The water is now tepid; and by the side of the deepest pool a bit of bright turf is encircled by wooden hurdles, and a fold constructed. The shepherds have been out on the fells through the short summer night, and now down the corries long lines of sheep are seen approaching, though all converging to the rugged mountain road. The sheep and

shepherds are met by a group of fell folk who have come to assist. These are the statesmen and their sons, dalesmen from the next valley, neighboring herds, and often some women. Sorting the sheep and depriving them of their lambs is gone through, the scene being meanwhile most animated — men shouting, dogs barking, sheep stamping and fighting the dogs, whilst others lightly top the hurdles, and attempt to make back to the fells. Two strapping yeomen wade into the pool to their middle, and the business of the day commences. The washing of six hundred sheep means a long summer day's work; and now all exert themselves to the utmost. Two men take each sheep by both hands and heave it into the pool. Here it is caught by the washers, well soused, and then allowed to swim to the opposite bank, where for a moment it stands dripping; then moves off to the sunny ward. Weighted with water, the creature is stunned for a while, but soon begins to nibble the short herbage. During the whole of this time a constant bleating is kept up between the lambs and their dams; nor does it cease until they are brought together after the washing, when they are driven back to the fells. By this time every one engaged in the day's work has imbibed much strong ale; but hard work has rendered them none the worse for their deep draughts. Seeing the sheep sprinkled over the fells a few days after this, their coats are observed to be whiter and the wool more "fleecey."

Washing, of course, is preparatory to shearing; and this comes in a fortnight. All the dale responds. Good-will is one of the great characteristics of the statesmen. For shearing, as for washing, the sheep have to be gathered in; and this sometimes takes two days and a night to accomplish. The animals are brought down the mountain road to the farm and placed in rude stone folds, each holding perhaps a hundred sheep. The shearers arrive from up and down dale, and among them come the parson and the squire, all in white "overalls." The shearers seat themselves on "creels" ranged round the main fold, and a dozen stout lads come as "catchers" to supply their elders with sheep. Bright bands are produced to tie the goat-like legs of the Herdwicks, and the flash and the metallic "click" of the shears are seen and heard afar. Soon the scene is one of the most picturesque animation. A turf fire is lighted, and upon this a pan of tar bubbles and boils. Standing by it are the owner of the flock and the parson. They stamp the former's ini-

tials and the smit-marks upon the sleek sheep just freed from their cumbersome coats. The squire goes round among the shearers and acts as "doctor." He carries a small can of mixed salve and tar, which he applies to the cuts accidentally made in shearing. These snips are common, but arise more frequently from the sheep's kicking than from carelessness in the shearer. Two or three girls rid the clip-pers of the stripped fleeces; and these, together with the fallen wool, are placed upon unhinged barn doors by two portly dames from down dale; they are then stowed away in the wool-loft. When all the flock is stripped, comes the banquet. And such a one! huge rounds of beef, legs of veal and of mutton, quarters of lamb, hams, and pies of every description. There are sweet puddings and pies, and all things else in keeping. Then the company withdraw to the barn, where creels are ranged round against the hay-mows, and strong ale and trays of tobacco are passed among the guests. A long table is placed down the middle, the parson presiding at one end, the squire at the other. Glasses are filled, smoke-wreaths begin to ascend, and the ballads of the dalesfolk are sung. Most of these ditties have for their subject-matter some "Bet Bouncer," or commemorate remarkable foxhunts in the district, and are all productions of the company's immediate ancestors; and on such occasions the parson drank, sang, and smoked in as orthodox manner as the rest. This is said in nowise disrespectfully. The parson was one of ourselves, tilled his glebe, and had a sheep-run on the fells. These constituted part of his "living."

At the sheep-shearing the lambs are separated from their dams, and receive the impress of their owner's initials as well as smits and ear-slits. The half-breed lambs — those bred for the production of mutton — are now weaned from the ewes, and are not allowed to return to the fells. They are kept until autumn, sold at the northern sheep fairs, and then sent to be fattened on southern grass-lands. Here they feed quickly and make excellent mutton. Only the pure-bred lambs — black-faced or Herdwick — the future heaf-going sheep of the home farm, are retained. After the clipping, and whilst the yeomen are carousing in the old barn, the shepherds start on the return journey with the fleeceless flocks. As the lambs are brought to the ewes there is a perfect babel of bleats. Turned into the long lanes, the white, fleeceless flocks present an indescribable picture of pastoral beauty. Every sheep hangs upon the hazel-clad slopes, stretch-



ing its quiet neck to the tender herbage. Not a foot of the banks seems unoccupied — two long lines of sleek, browsing sheep reach away till the bend in the road hides them. Soon the bleating becomes less general, then it ceases, and a strange stillness fills the lanes. A breeze brings up the left lambs' voices, and all is confusion. And thus we plod slowly on to the fells in the sultry summer afternoon, and turn the flock again upon the green slopes. The hills become animated with a thousand sheep. Soon few are to be seen; they have dispersed, but seem to have dissolved. Then we turn homewards, ourselves and the three dogs — not down the long dale road, but by the "forest" — forest only by name now, and thick with peat, having traces of birch and mountain ash. Our way lies along the grassing heads running parallel to the valley, but high up above it. Coming through these rushes prevail, and hidden springs. Among them gadflies rest, and grasshoppers make harmony with the hidden waters. Then we come into scrub of oak, birch, and hazel. Flies abound and a few birds.

From what has been said of the farms of the fell dales, it will be seen, as already remarked, that these are essentially sheep farms, and that wool is one of the chief products of the statesmen. Among the many quaint buildings of the hill folds, one is usually set apart as the wool loft; and it is deplorable to have to record that many of these, and even the teeming barns themselves, are full of wool, the produce of many seasons' "clips." For the hill farmer has felt depression in trade as well as his southern neighbor, though in a different way. Some of the yeomen tell me that they have four, five, and even six years' wool harvests in their barns, and cannot sell it at present prices. Time was when the wives and daughters of the statesmen spun the wool, and even wove it into cloth. This at one time was done in almost every house, and by the light labor the long winter evenings were pleasantly beguiled. And it is somewhat strange that the occupation was one much indulged in by the poorer clergy who guided the spiritual lives of the yeomen. Of one of these as a type of the rest we shall speak. He assisted his neighbors at hay and at shearing; and instead of receiving money reward he was paid "in kind." He made wills, butter prints, and was notary public to the whole parish. And for these little offices as his reward "in kind," he invariably chose wool; and for a reason. The tributary fleeces he was

wont to collect with the aid of a shaggy white "galloway," with which he always tramped the fells. Across the back of the old horse were two panniers carried crosswise, in which the fleeces were conveyed. The annals of his quiet neighborhood tell how, for eight hours in each day, he was occupied in teaching the children, his seat being within the communion rails. While they repeated their lessons by his side, he was busily engaged with his spinning-wheel; and every evening, too, he continued the same labor, exchanging, by way of variety, the small wheel at which he had sat, for the large one on which wool is spun, the spinner stepping to and fro. And thus the spinning and winding wheels filled up the interludes of his evening labor. The elder of his children assisted in teasing and spinning the wool; and at the whole trade it was well known that both he and his family had become proficient. When the various processes were completed, and the whole ready for sale, the good man would lay on his back by sixteen or thirty-two pounds weight, and on foot would convey it to market, seven or eight miles, even in the depth of winter.

And yet this primitive parson was a pronounced type of his contemporaries. He, as they, not only cultivated the glebe about the house, but had, like the rest of his neighbors, a sheep run on the fell. In his life he held three livings, and occupied the last sixty years; he died aged ninety-three, and during the time he was busily employed as we have stated, he never once neglected his more important spiritual duties. These he discharged zealously and faithfully, brought up, educated, and established well in life a large family, and died "universally lamented." His fortune at his death, amassed by this great industry, amounted to £2,000, besides a large quantity of linen and woollen cloth spun by himself, and chiefly within those communion rails of which we have spoken. The following extract is from a letter describing him at home: "I found him sitting at the head of a large square table, such as is commonly used in this country by the lower class of people, dressed in a coarse blue frock trimmed with black horn buttons, a checked shirt, a leathern strap about his neck for a stock, a coarse apron, and a pair of great wooden-soled shoes, plated with iron to preserve them — what we call clogs in these parts — with a child upon his knee eating his breakfast," etc. Spinning and weaving the wool of the Herdwicks was at this time performed in almost every house in the

dales, and this process provided clothes both for the male and female portion of the household.

A HILL SHEPHERD.

From Macmillan's Magazine.  
THE CRY OF THE PARENTS.

BY ONE OF THEM.

IN a recent number of the *Parents' Review* (a new publication designed for a "monthly magazine of home-training and culture") is an article called a "New Educational Departure." All who interest themselves in education deserve the warmest thanks of the community at large; yet it is not perhaps too much to say that the very word *education*, whether seen in a paragraph in a daily paper or as part of the heading of an article in a monthly review, gives to all not immediately concerned in this absorbing topic a sensation akin to a touch on a sore and sensitive spot in the mind. You would rather not read any more arguments on the subject; there seems no end to them; and you hastily turn the page in search of a livelier subject. You feel vaguely that it is in good hands—at any rate, in better hands than yours; you admire their unwearied patience, the judicial impartiality, the conscientious endeavors to perfect every detail; but—you turn the page. These articles, however, bristling with facts and figures, these severe criticisms of the existing system, these scathing satires on the weak points of the last revised code, only apply to the vast system of national education. The "New Educational Departure" comes nearer home; this touches us to the quick—this is a departure indeed! In this innocent-looking title the dismayed parent finds he is indeed concerned; it is nothing less than a project to educate himself.

And now, if not too late, it seems only reasonable to ask to be allowed to enter a remonstrance. Why not the cry of the parents, as well as the cry of the children? Why not, indeed, enter a feeble protest from the poor bread-winner—patronizingly alluded to in the preface to this fresh engine of warfare as "the bird who should be ever on his way homewards with a worm in his beak"? But this, however arduous it may seem, "is not," we are told, "the sole duty of human paternity." Would that it were! may the father exclaim, who is but too well acquainted with bills that seem to have but little connection with worms, or whatever may be the

established equivalent of the sustenance to be provided by "human paternity." Who that reads of fresh tasks to be imposed, can withhold a generous sigh of sympathy, or even a tear of pity for the jaded parent, already overwhelmed with the cares of providing his sons and daughters with the necessary equipment for the battle of life? Dwell for a moment—he has to dwell for many moments—on the butcher's and baker's bills, the tailor's and dressmaker's bills, the triennial school bills—but we forbear. If, to all these is to be added the bill (in time and anxiety) of his own education as a parent, who, we ask, will be found to rashly undertake so arduous a position?

Far be it from us to deny the importance of early training for our children which cannot indeed be overrated; but we believe that it is not to be attained by the methods that are proposed here and in many other articles lately devoted to the consideration of this subject—methods akin to the probe of the surgeon, necessary in disease but not in health. We believe, we always have believed, that some at any rate of the old-fashioned, let-alone system is as healthy and favoring to the development of children as it is to that of plants, given good air and soil to start with. Gardeners have as yet seen no reason to reverse this doctrine, nor, in the long run, do we believe will parents.

There is far too much talk of education early and late, but especially early—unless by education is meant the "lovely shapes and sounds intelligible, of that eternal language," as hymned by Coleridge. It is to begin in the cradle, say the latest exponents of training. So it does, in the favorable or unfavorable conditions and surroundings of infant and child life, but not in the premature forcing of every look and gesture as expressing a taste or characteristic. As reasonably would you begin at once to exercise the little dancing limbs in trained gymnastics. Every look, every movement, we are told, is to be trained and made much of, the little brain must be early excited and tested. Bid farewell to the restful time of babyhood, to the happy, peaceful hours of brooding mother-love, in whose protecting arms the infant lies, growing accustomed by imperceptible influences to the newness of all things. No, the opening eyes are not, as you idly suppose, "without speculation," they are looking for the Old Master which should hang on the nursery wall. The soft fingers straying over the mother's enfolding arm demand a pencil wherewith, without delay, the young Raphael of six

months old may essay his genius on the aforesaid masterpiece.

Has any one who considers parents not yet alive to their responsibilities ever taken into consideration the manifold duties of the father and mother of even the smallest family? The daily anxieties, the incessant worry of thinking and doing, the brain-work necessary to the father for bringing grist to the mill, the busy household and social cares that fall to the share of the mother, often complicated by sickness, suddenly demanding all the available time and power. Yet they are at ease in their belief in a home as happy as they can make it, supplied to the best of their ability with picture-books, lesson-books, playfellows, wholesome food, and strengthening exercise. When to all this is added an ever-watchful, fostering love, and the providing of every educational advantage within their reach and income, are they to be told that all this is by no means enough for the young person, who must surely be a lineal descendant of the horse-leech's daughter?

These exponents of a revised code for parents have not been long in effecting their remorseless purpose. A "Parents' Educational Union is already formed," and (as if in cruel jest) "formed just before the summer holidays this year" (presumably 1889). "There were only about a dozen present," we are told, "and of those all were not clear as to what was intended. Had the scheme anything to do with *refuge* work?" One's heart melts at this terrible suggestion; that the guarded nursery, full of curly heads and rosy faces, can have already come to *this*! "In the course of discussion," however, "it became clear that the object of the society was the study of the laws of education, as they bear on the bodily development, the moral training, the intellectual work, and the religious training of the children. The phrase 'laws of education' probably struck some of us as a mere *façon de parler*, but it passed without question." We think we have heard of the phrase before, and would almost have hazarded the opinion that it (and the laws it refers to) were older than the society. But let us emulate the twelve members in passing it without question, the more gladly that it leaves us the hope that where there is no law there is no sin, and that these otherwise inconceivably blind and misguided parents may escape censure.

Now, having, we hope, sufficiently enlisted the sympathies of our readers with the parents, let us see how the children fare? How stands it with the little ones,

least able to defend themselves from the tide of meddling (which by the way, we see is called elsewhere in the same number of the magazine before us, "educating popular opinion")—the tide of meddling, kindly or otherwise, which at the present time threatens to lay waste all individuality of thought and action, and to wear us out of all independence of judgment?

The society propose "to hold meetings, say four, during a winter session, with a definite purpose of discussion. If the four parts of education" (physical, mental, moral, and religious which we here repeat, in case the startled parent has failed to realize them) "can be taken up consecutively, so much the better, the topic of the day to be ventilated by means of an original paper or other reading, to be followed by discussion," which, it is hopefully assumed, will be both lively and profitable.

There is an instructive anecdote which we would recommend to be read at the next meeting of the educational society—a tale of a centipede who, unable to satisfy a thoughtless enquirer which foot he advanced first on preparing to walk, at last gave up all hope of deciding or of moving, and "lay distracted in a ditch."

But now, as we read on, bursts upon us the full enormity of the scheme from the children's point of view. "It would be a hopeful sign" (whether of the common sense of the nation, or of what other desirable trait, we are not told) "if the parents sent in queries *signed* or *unsigned*" (the italics are ours) "to the secretary, dealing with practical difficulties as they come up. How would you deal with a greedy or a sullen child? or a child with too active a brain? How would you treat a boy who says 'I shan't'?" Here is meddling brought to a pitch indeed. Imagine what a dynamic collection these queries,—with or without signature, but always, one would think, in these days of universal societies and secretaries pretty easily localized,—what a collection, we say, will these queries form in any but a very prudent hand. Give a dog a bad name, etc., is the truest of proverbs when applied to the young. Their little faults and inconsistencies, as much as their parents' faults and inconsistencies, are entitled to the tender oblivion and privacy of home life, in which (no doubt from not having an educational society to consult) families have planted themselves ever since the earliest one of all. This is to "set a mark" on erring humanity indeed! There are even daring spirits who affirm that the less their children are intimately

known of their relations during their transition stages, the better, since judgments hastily formed from an accidental fit of obstinacy, or access of fretfulness, are very apt to crystallize into an unshaken conviction that "John was always pig-headed," or "Mary was never good-humored," long after John and Mary have become the most reasonable and amiable of beings.

"The joys of Parents are Secret," says Bacon, "and so are their Griefes and Feares: They cannot utter the one; nor they will not utter the other." What then is to be said of this new "Newgate Calendar" of our upper classes, branding and localizing each poor little offender by name and nature? Is it seriously held that outside advice, however good in the abstract, can ever, except by an accidental happy hit, be of practical use in another and unknown household? Who is to know the other side of the question, — the conditions of the home where the boy is always sullen, or the training of the one who says "I shan't," a form of speech which is likely to be alarming on the increase if foreign influences are to be called in to aid the native authorities?

This is a credulous age with all its learning, only too apt to accept a dictum from a written source however unknown. By all means risk your health, your hair, your complexion, if it so pleases you, by following the recipes to be had for the asking from the bold pioneers in the paths of health and beauty, but do not expose your children to these haphazard methods. They will be quick enough to see if an alien system is being tried upon them instead of mother's tender insight into their little weaknesses, and firm help in their makings for good. If conduct is three-fourths of life, so is character, and character is not formed by these leading-reins to guard a child from ever giving way to a natural impulse. Character is mainly formed by finding out what is expected of you in this life. Do not away with the hard knocks of experience and failure, and imagine that you can teach a child the workings of a sum by showing him the answer.

But we must get through our extracts. "The secretary," it is stated, "would pass on beforehand one such query to a capable member, whose answer at the meeting would open the way for general discussion. One or two drawing-room meetings especially for mothers will be arranged for. Here we have a modest programme of work for the winter meet-

ings of the union." We have heard, but of course without crediting, that a certain amount of harmless discussion of one's neighbor's affairs is not considered to interfere with the sacred rites of afternoon tea. But only surely in the Cannibal Islands could such an unnatural feast be spread as is here darkly indicated.

"One or two mothers' cottage meetings also will be arranged for." Mrs. Ewing has a lively tale of a village matron who returned a tract on the subject of the unsteady householder and the rebellious family given her by a well-meaning visitor, with the dignified protest: "My 'usband do not drink, and I have no unwrely children." Let us hope that in some cottages at least this fine spirit of independence may still be found flourishing.

"The question of the inclusion of young unmarried persons has been tacitly decided in the negative." This is, we think, the highest wisdom, if the existence of the new union is dear to the hearts of the promoters. The young unmarried persons may not, alas! remain young, but they will surely, if made fully aware of their tremendous future, remain unmarried. Prevention is better than cure.

This, says the Parents' Educational Union, "is, roughly speaking, our programme for the first year. We may see our way to more work than we pledge ourselves to. For instance, we may set on foot work under our examination scheme in the case of parents being found willing to undertake a definite course of reading in education and its kindred science with a view to examination. Further delightful visions loom in the distance, — hardly yet within measurable distance." This programme to our alarmed vision has, for its first year, enough and to spare. We will not add to the already sombre forebodings of the poor "human paternity." We will not even remind him of the poor figure he will cut, returning "plucked" from his ordeal of examination at the nearest "local centre" of the new society, by the same train, perhaps, as conveys his own sons rejoicing in their success at a great public school, — a school, moreover, where play is recognized as well as work. No summer cricket, no winter football, will temper the rigor of poor paterfamilias's Continuation School. It seems a base return for that worm in his beak!

These are delightful visions, indeed, but it would not surprise us if "human paternity" does not fret at their being "hardly yet within measurable distance."

